

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## SEPARATION.

AH! we were very near to-night  
The simple word for which we longed,  
And there were moments when I thought  
Our impulses could not be wronged!

Why was it, when you changed your place  
And passed so close beside my chair,  
That all the life within me thrilled  
With pleasure that was half despair?

Why was it that I felt your gaze  
Still fixed upon me as I read,  
Yet with a strange, defiant fear,  
Refused too well to turn my head?

How came it that we lingered on  
As one by one the rest withdrew,  
Till, without seeing, I was sure  
That I was left alone with you?

Could you not hear my pages fast  
Turned over with a restless hand?  
Did they not whisper all your wish  
In words not hard to understand?

And, in the stillness, did they sound  
Like breathless rustlings of the leaves  
That, trembling, wait the blackening storm  
Which silent hangs above the trees?

A word had done it! With a flash  
Of Heaven's own light from heart to heart,  
Resistless love had rent the pride  
That kept our pent-up lives apart!

But, ere it came, a sudden breath,  
The rising wind of common life,  
Blew cool upon us; and we sighed,  
And turned us to our lonely strife.  
Macmillan's Magazine. S. W. SCADDING.

## "ALL THE RIVERS."

"All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full."  
ECCLESIASTES I, 7.

THE mountain torrents hasten,  
With cataract and roar,  
To reach the moaning ocean  
And break upon its shore.  
Their mystery and music,  
Their laughter and their leap,  
Are lost within the bosom  
Of the dark and sullen deep —  
Yet the sea is not full.

Athwart the purple moorland  
The flashing streams go by,  
Now grey beneath the storm-cloud,  
Now azure as the sky.  
By bracken, gorse, and heather,  
By crag, and rock, and plain,  
They hurry to the river,  
And the river to the main —  
Yet the sea is not full.

Amid the quiet meadows  
The peaceful rivers glide,  
To meet the ocean's murmur,  
The tumult of its tide.  
They leave the woodland whispers,  
Where summer blossoms lave,  
To mingle with the ripples  
Of the ebbing, flowing wave —  
Yet the sea is not full.

How long, how long, wide ocean,  
Shall love be lost in thee,  
And strength and beauty perish  
In death's immensity?  
Oh, when shall ring the music  
Of the promise over thee,  
The blessed music of the cry,  
"There shall be no more sea?"  
Sunday Magazine. CLARA THWAITES.

## A SONG IN SEASON.

'Twas the autumn time, dear love,  
The English autumn weather;  
And, oh, it was sweet, it was hard to beat  
As we sailed that day together!  
It was cold when we started out,  
As we noted with sad surprise;  
And the tip of your nose was as blue, I suppose,  
As the blue of your dear, dear eyes.

We sailed to Hampton Court,  
And the sun had burnt us black;  
Then we dodged a shower for the half of an hour,  
And then we skated back;  
Till the weather grew depressed  
At the shifting state of its luck,  
And the glass, set fair, gave it up in despair,  
And much of the lightning struck.

We sat on the bank in the storm,  
In the steady fall of the snow,  
In the stinging hail and the howling gale,  
And the scorching sun, you know;  
We sat in it all — yes, all!  
We cared for no kind of weather —  
What made us so mad was the fact that we had  
The whole of the kinds together.

Punch.

THE upper skies are palest blue  
Mottled with pearl and fretted snow:  
With tattered fleece of inky hue  
Close overhead the storm-clouds go.

Their shadows fly along the hill  
And o'er the crest mount one by one;  
The whitened planking of the mill  
Is now in shade and now in sun.  
ROBERT BRIDGES.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

# THE EGYPTIANS AND THE OCCUPATION.

THE annual grumble against the presence of the British force in Egypt has found utterance this year in louder tones than ordinary through the usual channels, and has had as usual the same effect upon the policy of Britain and the sentiment of the powers. When no other pretexts are at hand for disquieting the sultan and exciting his suspicions of Great Britain and the central powers, the Russian ambassador to the Porte, backed up by his French colleague, points out to the sultan the reproach which the continued presence of the English in Egypt casts upon his suzerainty, and urges that her Majesty's government shall be called upon to put a term to their occupation. Simultaneously the French press begins to shriek upon the subject, a great deal of bad language is vented, *canards* are actively manufactured—and then the subject lies down until the next time it becomes convenient to revive it as a diplomatic pastime. As for the British government, the substantial progress which Egypt is making under its auspices renders it quite indifferent to any outcries abroad; and the best answer to either France or the Porte is to point to Egypt as it was before the occupation and to its condition now. Although Egypt has as yet only started upon a career of progress and improvement, no other justification of our presence there is required beyond such notes of material advance—based upon personal experiences among the *fellahs* for the last eight years—as we shall be able to rapidly indicate in the following pages.

In the whole range of history there is probably no greater contrast than that between ancient and modern Egypt. To the traveller in the Nile valley, to the student of history, and to the reader of the Bible, ancient Egypt is a synonym for majesty and grandeur. Pharaoh, in Dean Stanley's words, was not, like Saul, greater than his fellows from his shoulders and upwards, but from his ankles and upwards. "Say unto Pharaoh, whom art thou like in thy greatness?" "I am Pharaoh." "By the life of Pharaoh."

"Art thou better than populous No, that was situate among the rivers, that had the waters round about her, whose rampart was the Nile, and her wall was from the river?" Homer knew of Thebes as the city of the hundred gates. It is still called "Il Luxor," or "The Palaces." The Sphinx, the Pyramids, the wonders of Memphis, the tombs of Beni Hasan, the paintings of Abydos, the giant wrecks of Thebes, the courts of Dendera, Esna, and Edfu, the graceful columns of Philæ, the sculptures of Bet-el-Wali, the majestic Colossi at Ipsamboul, and the countless other imperishable works in the valley of the Nile, surpass all the other antiquities of a corresponding age in the rest of the whole world. The mind is bewildered by trying to understand that long past of greatness, glory, and conquest. One never wearies of seeing and re-seeing those mighty ruins.

The monuments and hieroglyphics picture the ancient Egyptians in a very favorable light. You may survey scores of monuments and myriads of figures, and yet see no indelicacy till you come to Greek and Roman times. There is a dignity about the people which is very impressive. Their architecture may be called heavy as compared with the Greek, but they had to use a soft sandstone or a stubborn granite, while the Greeks had marble. So excellent is the work that an eminent American engineer offered a very considerable sum of money to any engineer of modern days who would quarry granite blocks of the size of those of the temple of the Sphinx—a temple of the very greatest antiquity—and place the columns as truly vertical, the lintels as truly horizontal, and in as truly a straight line, without the aid of any mortar, so that a knife edge could not be inserted into any joint, and a large transit theodolite could not detect any deflection from the true north.

We have been accustomed to see the ancient Egyptian in his most unfavorable light. The religion of ancient Egypt was idolatrous, but their idea of God, of judgment, of justice, and indeed of a future life, was almost Christian. We can no more hold the religion of ancient Egypt

responsible for the acts of a tyrant like Raamses, than we can hold the religion of Christ responsible for the acts of a tyrant like the czar of Russia. The high position held by women in ancient Egypt, and the sacredness of home-life, remind one of our own modern civilization. The early Greek travellers speak with astonishment of the respect paid to women in Egypt, and of the freedom they enjoyed — a respect and freedom unknown to the Grecian women of those days. The Egyptians were then, as they still are to-day, one of the most religious peoples in the world. Employing that boundless wealth which their victorious armies poured into their country almost entirely for the glorification of their gods, they have left an imperishable record of their own greatness, and of the height of their civilization.

Such was Egypt in the past. What was it in 1882, when that Providence which directs our ways, rough-hew them how we will, moved the British government to interfere, and begin that reform which has been gathering head ever since? The Egyptian peasantry were being fast converted into hewers of wood and drawers of water, not to their own governors and chiefs — that they had long been accustomed to — but to needy adventurers from Greece and the Levant, an indignity new even to that down-trodden people. Egypt had verily become what Ezekiel saw in vision, one of the vilest kingdoms of the world. Oppressed by Shylock representing the European bondholders, whose one interest in the country was the cutting out of the pound of flesh, and misgoverned by Turkish officials, that patient and forbearing people, whose badge was sufferance, would have bowed their necks to the yoke, had not the indignities and cruelties they suffered at the hands of the Greeks and Levantines goaded them in a moment of mad fury to turn against Turkish oppression and European connivance. These Greek and Levantine Christians, under the name of European-protected subjects, sheltered themselves behind the capitulations, and appealed to Europe whenever the slightest resistance was offered to their atrocities. Indeed so hateful became these so-called Christians,

that in Egypt to-day the name Christian stands for every kind of villany. In a rainless country like Egypt the existence of the people depends on irrigation, and to deprive a poor man of his water supply is equivalent to turning his fruitful field into a barren desert. By this deprivation thousands of poor men were driven from their holdings and beggared. Appeal there was absolutely none for the Egyptian peasant. It was the Levantine Christian who was perpetually appealing to the capitulations as a persecuted Christian, persecuted by bigoted Mohammedans. During Ishmael Pasha's reign three and four times the legal taxes were wrrenched from the wretched peasantry, who were compelled to borrow money from the Greeks who always accompanied the government tax-collectors. The interest charged was four or five per cent. per month. Those Greeks and Levantines who entered Egypt without one pound on their persons now own some two hundred thousand acres of land which may be valued at £6,000,000 besides house property and the debts of the peasantry. The writer remarked one day to a struggling member of the Greek community that a certain Mr. A. was very wealthy; he replied with pride: "Yes, he is wealthy — he coined all the false silver in Ishmael's time; but my countryman, Mr. B., is wealthier — he coined all the false gold." One living in England can have no idea of how these European-protected peoples oppressed the Egyptians. They are not subject to the law courts. They can commit murder and every kind of immorality and go off scot-free to-day; imagine what they did in the dark days preceding the rebellion of 1882. Without scruples and without pity, possessed of the worst vices of Asiatics, and wielding the whole power of Europe, they seemed to the Egyptian peasantry the incarnation of irresistible evil. These were the provocations the peasantry suffered at the hands of strangers. They suffered others at the hands of their own Turkish governors. Men were thrown into prison on suspicion of the pettiest offences, and often stayed years in prison, awaiting trial for crimes for which, if they had been guilty, they could not have been legally



punished by more than a few months' imprisonment. Their lands were taken away for public purposes, and far from receiving compensation they were compelled to keep on paying taxes for them. Villages which complained had to submit to the visitations of Turkish officials, who extracted as much money as they could from the wretched people, and not only lived on the best the land could produce, but compelled the miserable inhabitants to supply them with young girls during their stay. The very recital of such wrongs excites our anger and indignation; what must have been the feelings of the people themselves when they saw Arabi Pasha, as they thought, standing up for the right and driving Greeks and Levantines, Turkish pashas and oppressors, before him like a flock of sheep. The Egyptians in their day of triumph committed excesses and mingled friends and foes in their blind fury, but their excesses were not one-fiftieth part of that which the French peasantry committed in 1789 under less provocation. The people were in earnest, but their leaders were men of straw or selfish, and totally unfit for government, and if left alone they would have drawn the people into a second bondage.

Until this time the French and English had represented Europe in Egypt, and tried to manage matters between themselves; but owing to their jealousies and their conflicting methods of work, they had done nothing except look after the interests of the bondholders. They had effectively tied the hands of the khedive and done nothing themselves. At the crucial moment the French refused to co-operate, the Turks had not the means, and England took up the gauntlet for outraged Europe. It was her plain duty as the recognized representative of the powers. Everybody knows how she accomplished her task. In a brilliant campaign she stamped out the Egyptian rebellion, and by her subsequent clemency and justice she has reconciled the people to her action. The French have bitterly regretted their own inaction and surrender of their position, and have done their very best to hamper the work. In spite of the known chivalry of the race, the French

can never accept any accomplished fact, and, allowing themselves to be driven by jealousy, act in a way unworthy of a great people. This difficulty in accepting the inevitable has been their characteristic through history. Turkey, driven hither and thither by European storms and complications, and urged on by the Turkish ex-governors, who have suffered considerable pecuniary losses by their inability to plunder the Egyptian peasantry, has done her best in her own feeble and crooked way to hamper the good work. By the way, it is the younger members of the families of these Turkish ex-governors who, calling themselves patriotic Egyptians in Constantinople, make sham appeals to Europe on behalf of Egypt. But the evil efforts of these two interested powers have been more than counterbalanced by the position taken up by the khedive of Egypt. Mahomed Tewfik, the viceroy of Egypt, is one of the best and most distinguished rulers of our day. He had not been long on the throne when the Arabi rebellion broke out, and the difficulty of his position, owing to the conflicting opinions and advice of the all-powerful English and French consuls, had apparently confused and unnerved him; but when the crisis actually came, he had time for reflection among his own people, without a dozen foreign advisers pulling in different directions; he saw where the strength and the weakness of his country lay, and threw himself unreservedly on the side of the English. This step needed very considerable courage, for the English have never really shown their hand. But he saw that it was the only hope of reformation, and putting his own personal interests to one side, cutting against the grain of a thousand prejudices, identifying himself with the English reformers and not with the Turkish governors, he has thrown the whole of his weight and authority on the side of improvement. The extent to which he has smoothed the path of reform in Egypt will never be fully known. Whenever he has refused the advice of the British authorities and acted on his own judgment—as, for instance, when he dismissed Nubar Pasha and appointed Riaz Pasha—it has

been afterwards acknowledged that his judgment was sound. He has made up his mind that his people shall be reconciled to one set of reforms before others are begun. During the course of this year he saw that the time for the new reforms desired by Sir Evelyn Baring had come, and dismissing Riaz Pasha, the most powerful Turkish representative in Egypt, he appointed the friend of the English, Fehmy Pasha, a man ready for reform. By the Egyptians themselves the khedive is loved and revered. We could give many examples of his habitual kindness and love of honest dealing, but shall confine myself to one. His Highness owns four thousand acres of land in one block in the Delta; this block was separated from the main canal by a strip of land some two miles in width, in the possession of countless petty proprietors. His land-agent wanted to dig a small canal through this strip of land, and offered £70 per acre for the land to be taken up. The petty proprietors refused. The land-agent applied to the irrigation officer to use his influence with the peasantry. It was very evident that they did not want to part with their land, though they were prepared to sign the agreement if pressure were applied. The government officer insisted on the facts being explained to the khedive. The land-agent declared that his Highness would be exceedingly angry. When the khedive had heard the whole tale, he thanked the officer most cordially for having saved him from ignorantly performing an act of injustice, and gave the officer full permission to change the direction of the canal, so that no small proprietors should be injured. It is the daily repetition of countless good actions like this which has made the present khedive the most popular governor Egypt has possibly ever seen. The welcome given him by the peasantry when he made his tour through the whole of Egypt in 1890 was so remarkable that it struck the most careless observers.

When once the Arabi rebellion had been quelled, and the peasantry been balked of the righteous vengeance they were going to wreak on the European-protected subjects who had so long oppressed them, the task of working reforms and seeing justice done to the peasantry fell by right to the English. It was well that their hands were clean in the matter of these sham-protected subjects. They had none of them. Their love of fair play will forever prevent them from taking an unfair advantage of any clause in any treaty or capitulation. English public

opinion would not allow it. It is one of the reasons why they are so respected abroad. In Egypt it has gained them many friends. Again and again village headsmen have informed me that they would rather be at the absolute mercy of the Turks than a prey to these protected subjects.

The British nation, and indeed the whole Anglo-Saxon race, has a special aptitude for undertaking the task of reform. That pride and feeling of superiority which loses them many friends, yet gains them much respect among peoples who have no pride of race. "You are an Englishman, you are a man," said an African chief to Livingstone, on the borders of the Portuguese possessions. "Then what do you call the Portuguese?" said the great traveller. "Oh, they are things," was the reply. "Kilam Anglèsi," the Arabic for "the word of an Englishman," is a synonym for truth. "That man is not a Christian; he is an Englishman," was the remark of an Egyptian peasant, whose idea of Christianity was diseased by his contact with Levantines. The way in which British soldiers respected women and children after Tel-el-Kebir has made an impression on the Egyptian mind which centuries will not efface. The terrible deeds committed by the French soldiery under Napoleon — deeds which have been graphically described to me by the sons of men who were eye-witnesses — had given the Egyptians an awful idea of what a conquest by Europeans meant. They have learned to forget the past.

The disinterestedness of Englishmen was acknowledged even by Ishmael Pasha, the able though unscrupulous viceroy of Egypt, and one who was no friend of England. He invited Sir Samuel Baker and Gordon to govern the Soudan, stating that he well knew that Englishmen would work for *him*, and not intrigue for their own country.

When a race so self-reliant and independent as the Anglo-Saxon comes in contact with a race so lacking in those characteristics as the Egyptian, and when the stronger race feels itself called on to perform great actions before the eyes of the whole world, it would indeed be matter for surprise if history had no landmark to record. Eight years ago, when reforms first began, Egypt stood before the world as the land of *bakshish*, bribery, and corruption, where every man preyed on his fellow, and where no Egyptian could be trusted. The French system of centralization and mistrust was the only possible

means of governing the country. True to their character of independence and decentralization, the English brushed the idea aside, introduced a number of their countrymen who had special experience to act as leaven, and trusted the Egyptians. Life was instantly visible where before there had been only decay and decomposition. Showing a good example themselves of perfect honesty and disinterestedness, the English heads of departments appealed to all the better feelings of their Egyptian fellow-workers. In spite of the fact that public opinion in Egypt was most unhealthy; that men found guilty of gross offences were publicly condoned with when punished; that the Arabic press was entirely in the hands of interested Syrians; and that the French press lent the whole of its influence (an influence far greater in 1883 than what it is to-day) to the side of those who opposed reforms on moral or immoral grounds, — it may confidently be stated that the experiment has been eminently successful. In those departments where the confidence has been greatest, the success has also been the greatest. Many instances of sterling honesty among subordinate officials could be given. Men have brought purses of gold and put them on the tables of their superior officers, and named the men who had offered the bribes. Others have brought up Europeans and accused them of bribing to their very faces. The number of honest men who are to be found in a society confessedly dishonest has been matter of universal surprise. Such men under the old system, or under a system which did not recognize the necessity of introducing good leaven into the body of the government, would have been buried in the most subordinate positions; to-day they are sought out and encouraged.

Before considering the great reforms carried out since 1883, it will be well to examine the character of the Egyptian of to-day. The weak points in his armor are want of courage, and a very feeble idea of what fair play means. I once witnessed some games at a school feast. When the bigger boys had finished their races and received their prizes, they stood across the ground and would not let the smaller boys run. They were so persistent that the games had to be stopped. An Egyptian effendi, or man of the upper classes, told me with great satisfaction of a duel one of his countrymen had had with an Italian, in which the Egyptian chose clubs as the weapon to fight with, and then disabled the right hand of the Italian by a

sudden blow before the duel properly began. He actually could see nothing to blame in the conduct of his countryman. Though in all the virtues which we consider manly the Egyptian may easily be surpassed, yet in hospitality, in politeness, and in many social virtues other nations might with advantage sit at his feet. No Egyptian sits down to a meal without asking all passers-by to partake of it; during his thirty days' fast every year, his doors are open to all, no introduction is needed; to the poor he gives ungrudgingly. Though allowed to have four wives, the effendi is almost always a monogamist. Marrying early, he is, as a rule, a good husband and father, and fond of and kind to his children. In spite of all that has been said to the contrary, knowing them well as we do, we can state confidently that there is far less immorality among them than among Europeans. To show the direction in which the ideas on marriage are setting, we may state that one of the first teachers in Mohammedan law in Egypt some time ago laid down this maxim, that the Prophet had allowed four wives to any man who would engage to love all four alike, but as he had never met any one capable of doing so, he would recommend one wife as the interpretation of the Prophet's words. Indeed the relations of the first wife so resent a man's marrying again, that it is hardly ever done. In abstinence from drinking to excess the whole Egyptian nation stands a head and shoulders above us.

The sheikhs or village headmen, as compared to the effendis, may not inaptly be likened to the Saxons as compared to the Normans. Their hospitality is boundless, and takes the shape of banquets at which Athelstane might have presided and Cedric been entertained, and both found themselves at home. We have seen men sit down to a banquet of twenty-one heavy courses, where a huge turkey was the seventeenth course; and the first course alone consisted of a whole sheep, inside which was a goose, inside that a chicken, then a pigeon, and finally an egg — which last was presented to the principal guest, as containing the essence of all. We have seen a stout, heavy man boast of his ability to eat a whole roast sheep at one sitting, and offer to eat one on the table in my presence. We naturally objected. On this occasion the sheep was stuffed with rice; and as the host was carving it by taking the fore legs in one hand, the hind legs in the other, and breaking the back across, the bone snapped suddenly, and a

piece of stuffing about the size of a cricket-ball flew across the table and struck the stout man in his left eye while he was staring across at the operation, and put him *hors de combat* during the banquet. He spent the next hour clearing his eye of stuffing.

Having occasion to visit a small village on business, we took a plum-cake with us and offered the headman some. Instead of waiting to be helped, he took up the cake, bit it all round, and pronounced it good. These kinds of banquets, unrefined as they are, are redeemed by the extreme hospitality and kindness which prevail, and the knowledge that scores of poor people will feed from the basketfuls which remain. We cannot conceive of a people more truly hospitable than the Egyptians.

The Egyptian peasantry or fellahen have been oppressed for so many generations, that it will take time to elevate them. Since the British occupation, they have been so well treated that they are learning to respect themselves and give up the degrading habit of jumping off their donkeys whenever they see a superior. Perpetual ill-treatment has made them suspicious and unamiable. They are far below the lower classes of northern India. One hears them accused occasionally of ingratitude by men who never accost them without adding some epithet—such as ox, buffalo, son of a dog, or swine. This last epithet is a special expression of abuse with Turks, whose contempt for the peasantry of Egypt is nearly sublime. Many pleasing proofs of the possession of gratitude by all classes in Egypt are, however, within the experience of English officials. These experiences also go far to show that the bigotry of the Egyptians is not so ingrained as is ordinarily supposed.

When the first experiment was made with the *corvée* abolition—a term which will be explained further on—an English officer was riding down a canal, and about midday, feeling tired and hungry, he was glad to be able to accept the invitation of two peasants who were sitting under a tree eating biscuits and curds. He dismounted, and on sitting down by them was asked his occupation. As soon as they learnt that he was in the irrigation service, they exclaimed, "Oh, it is you who have enabled us to stay in our fields sowing cotton instead of paddling in canal mud!" and they ran off and returned with an extraordinary quantity of biscuits and curds. In 1887 a canal was constructed which took water to a strip of land which

had previously been desert. When the first supply of water came down, there was the general rejoicing; and in the thanks-giving service at the mosque, the name of the irrigation officer, though he was a Christian, was mentioned after that of H.H. the khedive. Again, in Upper Egypt during the drought of 1888, the minister of public works went up to see what could be done, and took an English officer with him. They succeeded in making an enormous dam and turning a river, by which means fifty thousand acres were irrigated and saved from drought. The gratitude of the people was boundless. When the government officials returned to the principal town in the tract, a place of sixteen thousand inhabitants, the women descended into the water waist-deep, and, forming two ranks, threw up handfuls as the boat passed between them, and blessed them. Immediately after landing they were led to the principal mosque, accompanied by as many men as the mosque could hold. The minister of public works had the place of honor on the right of the officiating priest, while the Englishman stood on the left, and the mosque was crowded from end to end. In the thanks-giving service the priest did not hesitate to mention the name of the Englishman, though he was a Christian. After the service in the mosque, the procession reformed in the street and was led to the house of the principal inhabitant, while the housetops re-echoed with the Arabic cheers of the women. As the principal inhabitant was not only a very wealthy man but also a poet of great reputation, the banquet was enlivened by a recitation of original poetry. People who act thus cannot be accused of want of generosity or excess of bigotry. Compare this with the habitual practice of the French press in Egypt. This press, which for political reasons has always tried to harm the English and make them appear in an unfavorable light before the Egyptians, did not hesitate to insinuate that English lady nurses\* had been introduced into the Kasr-el-Ain hospital in order to try to convert people to Protestantism when on their sick-beds. This statement was made in spite of the fact that one of the most prominent members of the sisterhood was a Roman Catholic lady, though the others were Protestants. No Englishman is offended by satires or clever hits made at his expense. Most of them take in the

\* The advent of these ladies to Egypt has resulted in the coining of a new word in Arabic. They are known as "Il Sisterat," or the Sisters.

French paper just as they buy *Punch*. But it is the utter absence of generosity and fair play which is at times annoying.

And now it remains to enumerate the reforms carried out in Egypt during the last eight years; the great work already accomplished may be held to be a gauge or pledge of the greater triumphs which are yet to come.

A khedival decree has abolished the *corvée*, an institution as ancient as Egypt, as hateful as slavery. The *corvée* was the name given to the gangs of forced laborers, invariably the poorest and most helpless in the land, who for six months every year were compelled to clear the canals and repair the banks. Egypt existed on their work. They received no payment except in blows; they provided their own tools, carrying wet earth on their bare backs when they were too poor to provide baskets; they brought their own bags full of dry biscuits, on which they existed; they slept out of doors in all weathers, with the bare sky above their heads. The government did absolutely nothing for them except punish and imprison them when their stock of food failed and they ran away to beg or steal. In the Delta their lives were made bitter by feeling that all this hard labor benefited them but little; for while they were digging and clearing the canals, their rich neighbors, principally Turkish pashas and European-protected subjects, were pumping up the water and irrigating cotton, while their own fields had to wait for the Nile flood. The Turkish pashas never sent a man to the *corvée* off their estates; the European-protected subjects were just as bad, except that they made mean excuses, which the Turks scorned to do. High ministers not only sent no men, but used the poor *corvée* for weeding their own cotton-fields or transplanting their rice. It cost the country over £800,000 per annum to clear the canals indifferently and totally neglect the drains; while to-day both canals and drains are thoroughly done for £400,000 per annum, by means of machinery and free labor. This is the greatest reform which has been made. It has been put on such a sure foundation that it will be difficult ever again to reintroduce *corvée*. Discussing the subject with a number of peasants one day, we asked them what they thought of it. In their own unpoetical and realistic way, they said that they were now able to swallow their own spittle, an operation impossible before, as some one always had them by the throat.

A khedival decree has abolished the *kurbash*. The *kurbash* was the thong of hippopotamus-hide with which all offenders and non-offenders were punished by being flogged on the soles of their feet. To see a man standing up and being flogged is not pleasant; but to see him thrown on his face on the ground, and then flogged on the soles of his feet, is truly degrading. It is like standing in a slaughter-house. We remember the feeling of loathing with which we witnessed the first application of the *kurbash* on a wretched peasant. Men were flogged for civil offences, for inability to pay rent, for the purpose of extracting evidence from them on suspicion — indeed for well-nigh everything. We saw a man *kurbashed* because, after working like a slave in a gang of twenty men trying to cut a bank, the work could not keep pace with the rising water, and he was the nearest man to the overseer. The fear of punishment was so perpetually present to everybody in the country that it crippled them all whenever an emergency occurred. This government by fear is lauded by many as the masterful rule of the Turks. We once saw a white-haired man at the house of an Egyptian effendi, and addressed him as though he were a patriarch. He told us that he was a comparatively young man, but had had the misfortune to be sub-governor of a district where a serious breach had occurred in the Nile bank in Ishmael Pasha's time. On hearing of the accident the khedive telegraphed back that the engineer and the sub-governor were to be thrown into the breach. The telegram arrived in the evening, and before next morning the sub-governor's hair had become grey. Meantime *harim* influence had been used, and the khedive countermanded his order. The effect had been so terrifying that when the next breach nearly occurred in 1887, the engineer in charge, in anticipation of punishment, could not possibly think of his work, and, in a paroxysm of fear, could do nothing except slap his own cheeks until they were like lobsters. On this last occasion the peasantry were loud in praise of the governor of the province because he had been able to continue his smoking through the whole of the excitement; for, according to Egyptian ideas, the first effect of fear is to incapacitate a man for smoking. The *kurbash*, and with it all unreasonable punishments, have been abolished. It still lingers on in holes and corners, but there is not a single soul in Egypt who does not know that it is illegal, and if its



application is reported, very serious notice of it will be taken by the government.

The Egyptian authorities, emboldened by the presence of the English, have stood between the peasantry and the European-protected subjects; these latter people returned to Egypt in the rear of the British forces, just as the mixed multitude followed the Israelites. Then, as now, the mixed multitudes were at the bottom of every rascality which occurred. By the capitulations European-protected subjects, be they negroes from Timbuctoo or outcasts from some South American republic, though they are principally Greeks and Levantines, cannot be interfered with by the Egyptian authorities while they have a roof over their heads. They are not subject to the ordinary tribunals. These men built houses on government property; they actually took possession of government bridges and built shops on them; they stopped thoroughfares, and then preyed on the peasantry. Nothing could be done with them. None of them had ever built anything themselves; every one of them had just bought the houses for considerable sums of money. It would take one long to guess how they were dislodged. Finding that the ground on which they had built was government property, the authorities, emboldened by the British occupation, enclosed their houses with dry brick walls, prevented ingress and egress, and eventually starved them out. Again, no one is allowed by law to put up a pump for lifting water from one of the government canals without first obtaining a permit. If an Egyptian does so, his pump is quickly removed. But the protected subjects threw wooden huts over their engines and appealed to the capitulations. At first the authorities were helpless before the capitulations, but they learnt that the roof only protects that which is under it, and any projecting part of the machinery (as there must always be some projecting part in a pump lifting water) may be removed. By this means the illegal gains of large numbers of protected subjects, who had defied the government before the occupation, and made handsome revenues as middlemen selling water which did not belong to them, were curtailed, and the peasantry themselves allowed to put up their own pumps. These very men, who had no right to the pumping-engines, did not hesitate to hold the government responsible for failures of water-supply when the Nile flood was insufficient. We shall give one instance of many of the ways they treated the peasantry. Early in 1884

a number of these people took possession of a canal about a mile long, belonging to a village; they ploughed it up and sowed it with cotton. The wretched villagers, cut off from their water, would formerly have sold their land to their tormentors for a fifth of its proper value and become tenants-at-will. But the beginning of a new day had dawned for Egypt, and the peasantry appealed to the government. The English officer of the district was sent down, and was met by half-a-dozen men who turned out with rusty guns and pistols, and declared that the canal had never existed. What they wanted was a protracted lawsuit with frequent appeals, during the whole of which time the lands of the Egyptian peasantry would have remained unirrigated and barren, and they would have given in. Of course the officer re-dug the canal, irrigated the lands, and saved the peasantry from ruin. This action had a very wholesome effect on the whole district. The comment of the French press on the transaction was, that if the new government officers were going to encourage the Moslem peasantry to thus browbeat and maltreat Europeans, in a few months it would be impossible for a European to traverse the Delta in safety. The best evidence of the feeling of security in the country now is given by the rapidity with which the peasantry are buying back the land which they were only too glad to get rid of in old days. Conversing with a Greek the other day he declared to us that Egypt was fast going to the dogs. "Why," he added, "a few years ago hundreds of my countrymen came to the country, and soon returned with well-filled purses; while now they need to bring capital, and may lose even that."

The financial outlook is just as bright to-day as it was dark in 1883. In 1883 all the heads of departments in Egypt, the khedive leading the way, sacrificed ten per cent. of their salary to enable the financial equilibrium to be preserved! Since then, taxation represented by £650,000 per annum has been taken off the necks of the poorest of the peasantry. The government has remitted £1,000,000 of old arrears of land revenue which were recorded against the peasantry. In spite of these remissions, the prosperity of the country has become so great that the revenues of 1890 were higher than those of any previous year in the annals of modern Egypt. The surplus of revenue over expenditure in 1890 was £600,000. The postage and telegraph charges have been



halved. The interest on the debt has been reduced by £350,000 per annum. The public works of the country have been so improved that land has risen twenty per cent. in value, in spite of the depreciation of agricultural produce over the whole world. The railways have been supplied with sufficient funds to maintain them in efficient order. A municipality has been created for Alexandria, and it has been given half the *octroi* dues of the city. A reserve fund of £1,750,000 has been formed to enable the government to meet all emergencies. The unified debt of Egypt has risen in value twenty-six per cent. It was quoted at seventy in 1883, to-day it is at ninety-six. The financial position of Egypt is so good that Egyptian bonds are now treated as first-class securities. Blue-book No. C. 6320 of 1891, which contains Sir Evelyn Baring's report on the finances of Egypt, reads more like the despatch of a victorious general than the financial statement of a country.

Turn where one will, he will find improvements in every direction that the capitulations have allowed of improvements. The great dams across the Nile have been secured; a new life has been given to the interior navigation of the country; a thorough system of drainage has been inaugurated; and the first Canal Law Egypt has any record of has been passed. This Canal Law does not apply to the European-protected subjects; but while the executive is strong these people will not dare to take advantage of their position, as the Canal Law confers favors as well as disabilities on those to whom it applies. All government servants have been put on graded lists according to seniority and service, so that promotion should go by seniority or merit, and not by favoritism or worse. It is the absence of all lists like these which so debases and degrades government servants, and encourages the worst men to use unworthy means to secure promotion. The collection of the land tax has been so regulated that it is now paid in instalments *after* the different harvests, and not just before them, as it was originally; the peasantry are thus no longer compelled to be perpetually borrowing money and becoming involved. A new coinage has been introduced. The Upper Egypt Railway is being gradually extended southwards, and two bridges over the Nile are under construction. Egypt has so improved that the imports and exports of Egypt proper alone are at the same figure as those of both Egypt and the Soudan in 1881.

That Egyptian army with which Ibrahim Pasha early in this century defeated Turkey, and would have taken Constantinople, if the European powers had not interfered, had so degenerated, owing to mismanagement and dishonest treatment, that it had become a mere rabble. It has been entirely reconstructed, and fresh life given to it. The glaring abuses of recruiting have been done away with; discipline and smartness have been taught. The officers and soldiers have learnt to respect themselves, and have shown by their behavior on numerous fields that they are worthy of taking their place by the side of those troops with which Mehemet Ali established his throne in Egypt and the Soudan.

In the hospitals and in the prisons there has been progress, while the Kasr-el-Ain hospital in Cairo will bear comparison with similar institutions in England.

So far we have considered the good work already performed; it remains to consider what has yet to be done. The reforms in the judicial, educational, interior, sanitary, and police departments are in their infancy as compared to those in the financial, military, and public works departments. It was impossible to advance all along the line simultaneously. Though the work of reformation in some departments has begun late, it is all progress in one direction. Nowhere has there been any retrogression. The appointment of Justice Scott has been followed by the introduction of measures which will bring justice near the people, ensure the efficiency of the judges, and enable the police to work with the bench. The judges themselves look forward to their emancipation from the ministry of justice. This ministry has up to the present enjoyed a power which has killed all independence on the bench. That almost historic war which the police, hampered by the ministry of the interior, has waged against the judges, tied hand and foot by a code as unsuited to Egypt as the statutes of Manu would be to Great Britain, is on the eve of coming to an end. The separation of the police from the ministry of the interior will be followed by the subordination of the interior itself to the finance ministry. This last ministry has an executive so strong that it will easily manage both departments. The capitulations strangle the sanitary department, but as the Europeans themselves who do the strangling are the chief sufferers, there is a kind of grim justice here, which will set matters right after the first serious epi-

demic. In the educational department an enormous amount has still to be done. It is here that prejudice has its deepest roots. The enlightened Egyptians send their sons to be educated abroad, do not interest themselves in the unenlightened, and do not see how it degrades their country to have no national education worthy of the name. There will be no national spirit until the Cairo schools and colleges, supplemented by a university, educate boys and men as well as they can be educated abroad. It is no uncommon thing in Egypt to find Egyptians educated in Europe speaking of their countrymen who have been educated in Egypt much as Brahmins speak of pariahs. The most talented Egyptians we have met with have been all educated in their own country, but their education was so lamentably deficient that they have appeared to disadvantage before men who, though possessing no ability, have still been well instructed abroad. But even in the educational department there is some life to-day. A good agricultural college has been started, and is exceedingly popular. The success in this direction will now encourage the government to be practical in others, and abolish all that unprofitable instruction which makes everything in Egypt so thoroughly second-hand.

Of two other tasks before the government we shall speak more fully, as they are destined to play no unimportant part in the future history of Egypt. One-half of the land of Egypt can produce the valuable crops of sugarcane and cotton, and is worth on an average £40 per acre; the other half cannot produce these crops, owing to the insufficiency of the summer supply of the Nile, and is in consequence worth only £15 per acre. A project for storing and utilizing water, which will cost only £5,000,000, and add £60,000,000 to the wealth of Egypt, is under consideration. The profits of this enterprise will go almost entirely to the poorest of the peasantry, for they possess nearly all the poor land in Upper Egypt. One of the most important projects is to construct an open dam across the valley of the Nile at the head of the first or second cataract, which will make a reservoir capable of storing all the necessary water. This dam will, it is hoped, be among similar works much what the Forth Bridge is among viaducts. It is to be built of imperishable granite, and of a design in keeping with the architecture of ancient Egypt; when completed, it is hoped that it will not be unworthy of taking its place among the

wonders of a land of wonders. By the use of sculptures and inscriptions on those imperishable rocks, it will be possible to hand down a record of our own times to the most remote future, and to stamp indelibly on the page of history the name of that khedive of Egypt whose reign has witnessed the awakening of Egypt from her long sleep.

In order to enable Egypt to develop itself; to find a healthy outlet for its greatly increasing population; to enable the surplus population to form colonies on the banks of the Nile, and snatch large tracts from the desert; to regain that trade of the Soudan, the loss of which has beggared all the large towns in the south of Egypt; to open telegraphic communication with Khartoum, and save the country from the uncertainties of the Nile flood which now comes like a thief in the night; to enable a civilized community to utilize those giant lakes which constitute the sources of the Nile, and bring under cultivation tracts capable of competing with the Southern States of North America — tracts which Europeans cannot work, which Arabs will not work, but which are waiting for the skilled and laborious agriculturists of the Nile valley; and finally, to strangle the slave trade in its last strongholds, — it remains for the Egyptian army, thoroughly appointed and thoroughly capable of accomplishing the task, to begin the reconquest of that country which Mehemet Ali left as a heritage to Egypt — a heritage to which Egypt, indeed, might have been considered as having forfeited her right, owing to her misgovernment when under Turkish influence, were it not that Egypt to-day, freed from Turkish barbarity and under English influence, is another country. It is no more possible for Egypt to return to her old vicious Turkish systems in the Soudan, than it is possible for England to bring back the days of Chet Singh and Omichand in British India.

But if Egypt is to be tossed into the British electoral arena as a football for party struggles, not merely the great fact of our occupation, but the whole spirit of heartiness in which our countrymen are carrying on their great work, will be exposed to very serious disadvantage. Mr. Gladstone, at Newcastle, rather insinuated than dared a disparagement of our continued presence in Egypt, and hinted that it would be the duty of his own government, on coming into office, to put an end to the occupation. We quote his exact words, which are an excellent illustration

of the science, *spargere voces in vulgum ambiguas*, in which he is the greatest living adept. "I shall indeed rejoice," said Mr. Gladstone in that part of his speech where he is good enough to extend his patronage to Lord Salisbury's foreign policy, —

I shall indeed rejoice if, before the day comes for the present Administration to give up the ghost, it be possible for Lord Salisbury to make an effort to relieve us from that burdensome and embarrassing occupation of Egypt, which, so long as it lasts, rely upon it, must be a cause of weakness and a source of embarrassment, which we owe entirely to engagements contracted by a former Tory Government, and the escape from which I greatly fear the present Tory Government, improved as it is in its foreign policy, will, notwithstanding, hand over to its successors to deal with.

A statesman who can compress so many malicious misstatements into the compass of a single sentence shows no decline in these peculiar arts that have raised him to eminence.

Age cannot with *him*, nor custom stale  
*His* infinite variety.

Mr. Gladstone knows quite well that our present occupation of Egypt was not brought about by a Tory government, but was a direct legacy from his own administration. He knows also that he can have no credit from a fact that is so full of security to this country and of benefit to the Egyptian millions, for he blundered into the bombardment of Alexandria and the campaign against Arabi, which planted us in Egypt without the option of removing, except at the risk of anarchy and revolution in the East. He knows also, that though he were returned to office to-morrow, his Cabinet would not or could not withdraw our troops and officers from Egypt. The insinuation, then, that the country is suffering from our occupation of Egypt, and that Mr. Gladstone will put an end to it when he comes back to office, is unworthy of the remains of a great statesman; and the British elector, whether Conservative or Radical, who cannot help reading with pride the great work of the regeneration of Egypt which this country is carrying out, will have his own views of the policy which seeks to make party capital by decrying and disparaging it.

And finally, knowing that a few noisy Syrians and interested Turks arrogate to themselves the name of Egypt, and misrepresent to Europe the opinions of the

six millions of Egyptian peasantry who, unable to read and write, know not in politics their right hand from their left, but who do know that they enjoy a liberty, freedom, and prosperity which neither they nor their forefathers ever knew before; knowing that Britain stepped into the breach, and sacrificed much treasure and many lives in saving the Greek and Levantine Christians from the Egyptian peasantry in their hour of just and righteous anger, and that she has a right, over and above her duty, to see that the peasantry are not handed over again to their old oppressors; knowing that the capitulations bind Egypt in as deadly grasp as that in which Nessus's poisoned garment bound Hercules; knowing that nought but ruin awaits the fellahen if the capitulations remain, and the strong protecting hand of one first-class European power is withdrawn, and her place taken by that crowd of jealous and conflicting opinions known as the great powers of Europe; knowing that that goodly structure of Egyptian regeneration which England is raising on deep foundations, and for which she is spending with no sparing hand her best energies, will be left unfinished and incomplete, or be thrown down, if she deserts her post; and knowing that Englishmen should stand manfully by those who have stood manfully by them, and enabled their occupation to be a success so manifest that it will be a landmark in history — every well-wisher of Egypt feels confident that Britain will continue her occupation until Egypt has made such reforms and progress, and has taken such a place among civilized nations, that no further necessity or justification of her presence can remain.

From The New Review.

#### EXCURSION (FUTILE ENOUGH) TO PARIS; AUTUMN 1851:

THROWN ON PAPER, WHEN GALLOPING, FROM SATURDAY TO TUESDAY, OCTOBER 4-7, 1851.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

A BRISK, bright autumn evening as I rolled through the streets of Paris; recognize my route first on the Boulevard, still better in the Rue de la Paix and Place Vendome; cigar nearly done, we are at the door of Meurice's in the Rue de Rivoli, a crowd of cabs and other such miscellanies loitering there. Concierge, old good-humored woman with black eyes and clean cap, knows the number of the Ash-

burtons, knows not whether they are at home: my cabman, an old, poor, good-humored knave of the whip, is defective in *petite monnaie*, at length by aid of the concierge we settle handsomely; Mason, too, Lord Ashburton's servant, appears, and I get aloft into my appointed bedroom, "No. 22," a bare fantastic place looking out into the street — bad prospects of *sleep* — though I am at the very top of the house for that object. Both Lady and Lord have gone out, not finding me at four as covenanted; dinner is to be "at six precisely." Walk on the streets, finishing my cigar; dress, have melancholy survey of my bedroom; dinner in the dim *salle à manger*, seasoned with English news; after dinner to the *Théâtre Français*, where Lord Normanby has been pleased to furnish us his box. Very bad box, "stage-box," close to the actors; full of wind-drafts, where we all took *cold* more or less. A clever energetic set of faces visible in stalls (far superior to such as go to Drury Lane); among them, pointed out by Lady Ashburton, who had met him, the figure of Changarnier. Strange to see such a man sitting sad and solitary there to pass his evening. A man of placid baggy face, towards sixty; in black wig, and black clothes; high brow, low crown, head *longish*; small hook nose, long upper lip (all shaved), corners of which, and mouth generally, and indeed face generally, express obstinacy, sulkiness, and silent long-continued labor and chagrin. I could have likened him to a retired shopkeeper of thoughtful habits, much of whose savings had unexpectedly gone in railways. Thomas Wilson of Eccleston-street resembles him in nose and mouth; but there was more intellect in Changarnier, though in a smoke-bleared condition. A man probably of considerable talent; rather a dangerous-looking man. I hear he is from Dijon, come of reputable parliamentary people. Play was called *La Gageure Imprévue*, or some such name; worthless racket and cackle (of mistaken jealousy, &c., in a country château of the old régime); actors rather *good*; to me a very wearisome affair. Lady Ashburton went to her mother's at the end of this; Lord Ashburton and I staid out a trial of the next piece, *Maison de St. Cyr*: actors very good here again, play wretched, and to my taste sadder and sadder — two *roués* of Louis XIV. time, engaged in seducing two Maintenon boarding-school girls, find the door of St. Cyr *locked* as they attempt to get out; find at the window an Exempt "*de par le roi*," are carried to the Bastille,

and obliged to marry the girls: their wretched mockeries upon marriage, their canine libertinage and soulless grinning over all that is beautiful and pious in human relations, were profoundly saddening to me; and I proposed emphatically an adjournment for tea; which was acceded to, and ended my concern with the French theatre for this bout. Pfaugh! — the history of the day was done; but up-stairs, in my naked, noisy room, began a history of the night, which was much more frightful to me. Eheu! I have not had such a night these many years, hardly in my life before. My room had *commodes*, *chefs-foniers*, easy-chairs, and a huge gilt pendule (half an hour wrong) was busy on the mantelpiece; but on the bed was not a rag of curtain, the pillow of it looked directly to the window, which had *battants* (*leaves*, not *sashes*), no shutters, nor with all its screens the possibility of keeping out the light. Noises from the street abounded, nor were wanting from within. Brief, I got no wink of sleep all night; rose many times to make readjustments of my wretched furniture, turned the pillow to the foot, &c.; stepped out to the balcony four or five times, and in my dressing-gown and red night-cap *smoked* a short Irish pipe there (lately my poor mother's), and had thoughts enough, looking over the Tuileries garden there, and the gleam of Paris city during the night watches. I could have laughed at myself, but indeed was more disposed to cry. Very strange: I looked down on armed patrols stealthily scouring the streets, saw the gleam of their arms; saw sentries with their lanterns inside the garden; felt as if I could have leapt down among them — preferred turning in again to my disconsolate truckle bed. Towards two o'clock the street noises died away; but I was roused just at the point of sleep by some sharp noise in my own room, which set all my nerves astir; — I could not try sleep again till half-past four, when again a sharp noise smote me all asunder, which I discovered now to be my superfluous friend the heterodox *pendule* striking (all wrong, but on a sharp loud bell, doubly and trebly loud to my poor distracted nerves just on the act of closing into rest) the *half-hour*! This in waking time I had not noticed; this, and the *pendule* in *toto*, I now stopt; but sleep was away; the outer and the inner noises were awake again; sleep was now none for me — perhaps some hour of half stupor between six and seven, at which latter hour I gave it up; and determined, first, to have a tub to wash myself in; secondly, not for any

consideration to try again the feat of "sleeping" in that apartment for one. My controversies about the tub (*baquet*, as I happily remembered to call it) were long and resolute, with several successive lackeys to whom I jargoned in emphatic mixed lingo; very ludicrous if they had not been very lamentable; at length I victoriously got my *baquet* (a feat Lord Ashburton himself had failed in, and which I did not try again while there): huge tub, five feet in diameter, with two big cans of water, into which with soap and sponges I victoriously steeped, and made myself thoroughly clean. Then out—out, thank heaven!—to walk and smoke; an hour yet to breakfast time.

*Rue de Rivoli* had been mainly built since my former visit to Paris; a very fine-looking straight street of five or six-storey houses, with piazza; French aspect everywhere, otherwise reminding me of Edinburgh New Town, and only, perhaps, *three* furlongs in length. Streets straight as a *line* have long ceased to seem the beautifullest to me. Population rather scanty for a metropolitan street; street-sweeper, "*cantonniers*," a few omnibuses with Passy, Versailles, &c., legible, a few straggling cabriolets and insignificant vehicles—it reminded you of Dublin with its car-driving, not of London anywhere with its huge traffic and its groaning wains. Walkers anywhither were few. Tuileries Garden (close on my left) seemed to have grown *bushier* since my visit; the trees, I thought, were far larger, but nobody would confirm this to me when I applied to neighbors' experience. I did not enter Tuileries Garden yet: sentries in abundance; uncertain whether *smoking* was permitted *within*; judged it safest to keep the street—westward, westward. *Place de la Révolution* (Place Louis Quinze) *altogether* altered; Obelisk of Luxor, asphalt spaces and stone pavements, lamps all on big *gilt* columns, big fountain (its Nereids all silent): a smart place, and very French in its smartness; but truly an open, airy quarter, Champs Elysées woods, broad roads, river, quais, all very smart indeed. Cross the bridge (Pont de la Concorde, I think, a new-looking bridge), Palais Bourbon or National Assembly House on the south side of it,—*No*, I did not now cross these, I crossed by the next bridge eastward (Pont Royal), that was my route, so important to myself and mankind! Quais rather rusty and idle-looking; river itself no great things either for size or quality,—bathing-barges mainly, and nothing very clean, or busy at all. Re-cross by the

*Pont des Arts*; Louvre getting itself new-faced, its old face new *hewn*, complicated scaffoldings and masons hanging over it. Much of the interior is getting pulled down; Carrousel, Tuileries, Jardin des Tuileries, Palais Royal, &c., all looked *dirty*, unswept, or insufficiently swept,—the humble besom is not perhaps the chosen implement of France. Home at nine: *all* our party ill of cold, Lady invisible; my room to be next night a much better, curtained and quite elegant, but still *not* quiet one, on this same floor (the third I think; directly above the pillars and the first entresol), looking out into the interior court: there I will try again, one night at least. Lord Ashburton to see "Museums" or some such thing with two French "gentlemen of distinction": I decline to go; lie down on a sofa, covering my face with a newspaper, address two stamped Galignani's *Journals*, to Chelsea, to Scotsbrig, and decide to do nothing whatever all day but lie still and solicit rest. *Si fait*;—but very little rest may prove discoverable? I lay in one place—at least, having first made a call on the Brownings whom I found all brisk and well-rested in the Rue Michodière (queer old quiet inn, *Aux armes de la Ville de Paris*), and very sorry for my mischances. After noon, Lord Ashburton returned, out to make calls, &c.; I with him in the carriage, into the *Pays Latin* and other quarters; lazily *looking* at Paris, the only thing I care to do with it in present circumstances. Did me good, that kind of "exercise," the hardest I was fit for. *Nimm Dich in Acht*.—At 4 o'clock home, when two things were to be done: M. Thiers to be received, and a ride to be executed,—of which only the former took fulfilment.

A little after 4 Thiers came. I had seen the man before in London, and cared not to see him again; but it seemed to be expected I should stay in the room, so after deciphering this from the hieroglyphs of the scene, I staid. Lord and Lady Ashburton, Thiers and I; a sumptuous enough drawing-room, yellow silk sofas, pendules, vases, mirrors, turkish carpet, good wood fires; dim windy afternoon: voilà. Royer-Collard, we heard, once said: "Thiers est un polisson; mais Guizot, c'est un drôle!" Heigho, this was Prosper Mérimée's account afterwards, heigho! M. Thiers is a little brisk man towards sixty, with a round, white head, close-cropt and of solid business form and size; round fat body tapering like a ninepin into small fat feet, and ditto hands; the eyes hazel and of quick, comfortable, kindly aspect,



small Roman nose; placidly sharp fat face, puckered eyeward (as if all gravitating towards the eyes); voice of thin treble, peculiarly musical; — gives you the notion of a frank social kind of creature, whose cunning must lie deeper than words, and who with whatever *polissonnerie* may be in him has absolutely no malignity towards anyone, and is not the least troubled with self-seekings. He speaks in a good-humored treble *croak* which hustles itself on in continuous copiousness, and but for his remarkably fine voice would be indistinct, — which it is not even to a stranger. “Oh, bah! eh b'en lui disais-j —” &c. — in a monotonous low gurgling key, with occasional sharp yelping warbles (very musical all, and inviting to cordiality and laissez-aller), it is so that he speaks, and with such a copiousness as even Macaulay cannot rival. “Oh, bah, eh b'en!” I have not heard such a mild broad river of discourse; rising anywhere, tending anywhere. His little figure sits motionless in its chair; the hazel eyes looking with face puckered round them placidly animated; and the lips presided over by the little hook-nose, going, going! But he is willing to stop too if you address him; and can give you clear and dainty response about anything you ask. Not the least officiality is in his manner; everywhere rather the air of a *bon enfant*, which I think really (with the addition of *coquin*) must partly be his character! — Starting from a fine Sèvres vase which Lady Ashburton had been purchasing, he flowed like a tide into pottery in general; into his achievements when minister and encourager of Sèvres; half-an-hour of this, truly wearisome, though interspersed with remarks and questions of our own. Then suddenly drawing bridle, he struck into *Association* (Lord Ashburton had the day before been looking at some of the Associated Workmen); gave his deliverance upon that affair, with anecdotes of interviews, with political and moral criticisms, &c., &c. For me *wenig zu bedeuten*, but was good too of its kind. One master of *Associés*, perhaps a hatter, “ruled like a Cromwell,” — though by votes only; and had *banished* and purged out the opposition party, not to say all drunkards and other unfit hands; *tel régime de fer* was the *indispensable* requisite; — for which, and for other reasons, Association could never succeed or become general among workmen. Besides, it forbade *excellence*: no rising from the ranks *there*, to be a great captain of workers, — as many, six or seven of whom he named, had done by

the common method. Then applicable only to hatters, chair-makers, and tradesmen whose market was *constant*. Try it in iron-working, cotton-spinning, or the like, there arrive periods when no market can be found, and without immense capital you must *stop*. Good thing however for keeping men from *chômage*, for “educating” them in several respects. Thing to be left to try itself, — is not, and never can be, the true way of men's working together. To all this I could well assent; but wished rather it would all end, there being little new or important in it to me! At length on inquiry about Michelet (for whom I had a letter) we got into a kind of literary strain for a little. Michelet stood low in T.'s esteem as a historian; lower even than in mine. Good-humored contempt for Michelet and his airy syllabubs of hypothetic *songerie* instead of narrative of facts. “Can stand *le Poëte* in his *place*; but not in the domain of truths:” — a sentence, commented on and expanded, which indicated to me no great *aesthetic* sovereignty on the part of M. Thiers, — leave him alone then! Our conclusion was, M. Michelet was perhaps a bit of a *sot*; — M. Lamartine, who had meanwhile come in course too, being definable rather as a *fat* (a hard saying of mine, which T. with a grin of laughter adopted): — and so we left Parnassus à la Française; and M. Thiers, who could not stay dinner, took himself away. Our horses, in the meanwhile, had roved about saddled for two hours, and were now also gone. Nothing remained but to “dress for dinner,” when at seven the two French gentlemen of distinction were expected.

Our two *Distingués* were literary, one Mérimée already mentioned, a kind of critic, historian, *linguistically* and otherwise of worth, a hard, logical, smooth but utterly barren man (whom I had seen before in London, with little wish for a second course of him); the other a M. Laborde, Syrian traveller; a freer-going, jollier, but equally unproductive human soul. Our dinner, without Lady, was dullish, — the talk confused, about Papal aggression, &c. — supported by me in very bad French (unwillingly), and in Protestant sentiments, which seemed very strange to my sceptical friends. Joan of Arc too came in course, about whom a big book had just come out: of *De l'Averdy*, neither of our friends had ever heard! In the drawing-room with coffee it was a little better: a little better: a little, not much; at last they went away; and I, after some precautions and prepa-



rations into bed, — where, in a few minutes, in spite of noises, there fell on me (thank heaven) the gratefullest deep sleep; and I heard or thought of nothing more for six hours following! — so ends the history of Saturday, September 26th. *Ay de mi!*

Sunday morning, short walk again; glance into the *Champs Elysées* and their broad avenue with omnibuses; — I had to return soon for breakfast. My good sleep, — though it ended at 5 a.m. and would not recommence, — had made me very happy in comparison. Breakfast, — baddish always, tea and coffee *cold*, &c., the *Hôtel Meurice*, spoiled by English and success, in general *bad*, though the most *expensive* to be found in Paris. Lord Ashburton's bill (I incidentally learned) was about £45 a week, self, Lady Ashburton and two servants, maid and man! — After breakfast came Lord Granville, talked intelligently about the *methods* of "Glass Palace" (bless the mark!), — graphic account of Fox the builder thereof; once a medical student, ran off with master's daughter, lived by his wits in Liverpool, lecturing on mechanics, &c., got into the railway; became a railway contractor, ever a bigger and bigger one (though without funds or probably almost without), is now very great, — "ready to undertake the railway to Calcutta" at a day's notice, if you asked him: *he* built the glass soap bubble, on uncertain terms: — very well described indeed. A cleverer man, this Lord Granville, than I had quite perceived before. After his departure, wrote to Chelsea, to Scotsbrig; towards 2 went to walk with *Herrschaff* in the Tuilleries Gardens; garden very *dirty*, fallen leaves, dust &c.; many people out: to *Place de la Concorde*, opposite Lady Sandwich's windows (2, Rue Saint Florentin) where Talleyrand once dwelt. Lady Ashburton still suffering from cold, couldn't go to see her mother, went driving by herself, — the last time she was out at all during my stay: — after a call by Lord Ashburton and me at Lady S.'s we went, about 3 p.m., to ride; the *Champ de Mars* our first whitherward.

Paris, Sunday: — All rather *rusty*; crowds not very great; cleanness, neatness, neither in locality nor population, a conspicuous feature. Ch. de Mars all hung round with ugly *blankets* on Pont-du-Jean side; a balloon getting filled; no sight except for payment. Against my will, we dismounted at another entrance, and went in. Horse-holder with brass badge, vehement against another without:

"Sergent de Ville!" — at length *he* got possession of the horses, and proved a very bad "holder." Dirty chaos of cabriolets, &c., about this gate; four or five thousand people in at half-a-franc, or to the still *more* inner mysteries, a franc each. Clean shopkeeper people, or better, unexpectedly intelligent — come to see this! A sorry spectacle; dusty, disordered Champ de Mars, and what it now held. Wooden barriers were up; seats on the old *height* raised for Feast of Pikes, which is terribly sunk now, instead of "thirty feet" hardly eight or ten, without grass, and much of it torn away altogether. Grassless, *graceless*, untrim and sordid, everything was! An Arab *razzia*, with sad *gurrus*, and blanketed scarecrows of performers (perhaps 15 or 20 in all) was going on; then a horse race ditto: noisy music, plenty of soldiers guarding and operating. I moved to come away; but just then they inflated a hydrogen *mannequin* of silk; his *foot* quivered and shook, he was soon of full size, then they let him off, and he soared majestically like a human tumbler of the first grace and audacity, right over the top of the inflated balloon (I know not by what mechanism), perhaps 500 feet into the air, and then majestically descended on the other side: none laughed, or hardly any except we. Off again; find our horses with effort, — man wants two francs not one: a modest horse-holder! We ascend the river-side; dirty lumber on all sides of path: *guinguette* (coarse dirty old house, ditto wooden balcony, and mortals miserably drinking): — across by *Pont de Grenoble*, into Passy, by most dusty roads, omnibuses, cabs, &c., meeting us in clouds pretty often, on each side to Auteuil, finally into *Bois de Boulogne*, which also is a dirty scrubby place (one long road mainly of two miles or so, with paltry bits of trees on each hand, and dust in abundance); there we careered along at a sharp trot, and had almost all to ourselves, for nobody else except a walker or two, a cab-party or two at long intervals, were seen. Ugly unkept grass on each side; cross-roads, one or two, turning off into one knew not what; I found it an extremely sober "Park"! One of the "Forts" with great ugly chasms round it, on our left. At length we emerge again into Passy; see the balloon high overhead, people in it waving their hats, mannequin (shrunk to a monkey) hanging on below; a sudden wind then blew it away, — for ever, one was glad to think. Arc de l'Etoile, some *Hippodrome* just coming out, and such a be-

wildered gulf-stream of people and cabs on the big road townwards as I never saw before! Lord Ashburton cautioned me to ride vigilantly, the people being reckless and half-drunk; crack, crack, *gare! gare à vous!* it was abundantly unpleasant; at length I proposed setting off with *velocity* in the aggressive manner, and that soon brought us through it. Dirty theatre tea-gardens (where are singers, drink, &c.), with other more pleasant superb houses, were nestled among the ill-grown trees, — why is this wood so ill-grown? At the corner of Place de la Concorde, "*Secours aux Blessés*" stood painted on a signboard of a small house (police or public house); a significant announcement. Rain was now falling. Many carriages; almost all shabby. One dignitary had two servants in livery, and their coat-skirts were *hung over* the rear of the carriage, to be rightly conspicuous; the genus *gentleman* (if taken strictly) seemed to me extremely rare on the streets of Paris, or rather not discoverable at all. Perhaps owing to the *season*, all being in the country? Plenty of well-dressed men were on the streets daily; but their air was seldom or never "gentle" in our sense: a thing I remarked. — Dinner of two was brief and dim; *épurées*, what they are. After coffee, English talk; winded up with (*obligato*) readings of Burns, which were not very successful in my own surmise. — To bed, and alas! no sleep, but tossing, fluctuating, and confusion till 4 a.m.; a bad preparation for next day.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

DANOVITCH: A RUSSIAN ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

TWO men were seated in an office.

It was not an office like that of any great commercial house in London. It was a small room with two windows, closely barred, looking out into a courtyard. Yet in spite of the prison look that these barred windows gave the place, it was a comfortable office. The floor was covered by a rich carpet from Persia. A tall stove burned in one corner — a high iron stove, half sunk into the wall.

A large desk and a few chairs were all the furniture it contained, unless the big iron safe which stood open with a bunch of keys in the lock could be classed as furniture. The writing-table stood near the window, the writer's seat being arranged that the light fell from behind him,

yet sufficiently to one side to allow him to write without his hand casting a shadow over his work. On the table lay a pile of papers and a number of books, two or three of the latter dictionaries of foreign languages. A wire or two hung from the ceiling, with incandescent lamps affixed. Two men sat in the room — one at the writing-table, one on a chair facing him. One could see then why the table was so placed, so that the light from the window might fall full on the face of any one who sat opposite the desk.

The man who occupied the desk now was elderly. His grey hair was cropped close to his head, from which it stood up straight. A grey moustache, almost white, covered his upper lip. The complexion was pale, almost sallow, the face thin. The nose, slightly arched, seemed to hint at Jewish origin. The lips were narrow, and held firmly together. Heavy, dark eyebrows almost hid the narrow, bright blue eyes that lay below. Circles surrounded the eyes, but it was difficult to say whether they were the marks of time, illness, or work. He wore a black frock coat, with a small red button on one lapel. Beneath showed a white waistcoat, and a dark tie fastened in a large bow. His hands, half covered with the white, shining cuffs, were thin and long and intensely white, almost as white as the cuffs themselves, which were fastened with great black solitaire studs with a silver coronet on each.

The other man was young. His hair, like the elder's, was cropped short, but, short as it was, seemed to have a tendency to curl; a brown moustache and beard covered the lower portion of his face. His forehead was high and slightly tanned by the sun; his brows fine and arched, but darker in color than his hair. His lashes, too, were dark, and surrounded eyes of a bright blue — a blue that was almost mauve. His nose was long and narrow, forming almost a straight line with his forehead.

He was dressed as an Englishman in a tweed suit; but fair as he was, he did not look altogether an Englishman. Any one who had been asked would have said his father was English, his mother — I don't know what.

His head was buried in his hands, his elbows resting on his knees at this moment. The elder man was watching him carefully from under those heavy eyebrows, though apparently all his attention was engrossed in the paring of his nails with a penknife.

The young man did not move. Neither spoke. Presently the elder of the two seemed tired of paring his nails, and toyed with a quill pen a little.

Still the young man did not move nor speak. The man at the desk touched a bell. A moment later the door opened, and a clerk in plain clothes entered.

"Is Abdurrahman there?"

"Yes, monsieur."

They spoke in French.

"Tell him to come in. I will see him now."

"Yes, monsieur."

A minute later the door opened, and a strange figure entered.

Abdurrahman was an Arab—a tall, sun-burnt Arab. He wore the dress of his people, the loose, flowing robes, in this case of yellow and white. On his head an immense turban almost concealed his red fez.

It was a handsome face, bronzed by the sun, with regular features and black, piercing eyes.

He left his slippers at the door as he entered, and walked across the room bare-footed over the soft carpet, until he stood opposite the writing-table. He bowed slowly.

"Welcome, Abdurrahman! You have arrived to-day?"

"Your carpet is as soft as the grass on the hillside in spring," responded the Arab, still standing.

A frown passed over the European's face. This was trifling, and he was too busy a man to trifle. He seemed to realize his position at once, however, and saw that his guest was too much of an Oriental to proceed to business at once. He struck the bell. The same man answered it as before.

"Coffee," was all he said. It broke the spell.

"Yes, I have arrived to-day. It is cold here."

"You find it so? draw nearer the stove. Sit here."

The man had risen from his desk and placed a large chair before the stove. Without a word of thanks Abdurrahman seated himself, tucking his bare feet under him in true Arab fashion.

They were speaking in Arabic. A stranger could not notice any difference in their pronunciation, yet one who knew the language could have told that it was the European who was speaking the purer dialect, the Arab's being more or less a *patois*.

Coffee arrived, brought by a servant in

livery—two tiny china cups balanced in gold holders on an Oriental tray.

Abdurrahman took one in his hand, and looked at it for a moment.

"Is this mine?" he asked the European.

"Either—whichever you please."

"Is this mine?" Abdurrahman repeated the question calmly, as though no answer had been given.

"Yes, that is yours," responded the other, apparently annoyed.

"Then I will drink yours," said the Arab, smiling gently, "and you shall drink mine."

The European laughed harshly.

"You need have no fear, we are not in Persia," he said.

"No," answered the Arab, "but we are in Russia."

With the coffee business commenced.

"Tell me your news."

"The Englishman you wrote about has gone."

"You took him?"

"Yes, we took him."

"What did he say for himself?"

"Nothing. Oh, yes, he said he was travelling for pleasure, for sport. I asked him why he wore Arab clothes?—why he passed himself as a Mohammedan, when he was a dog of a Christian?"

The other smiled.

"He said," continued Abdurrahman, "that he did so because it attracted less suspicion,—because he travelled more easily in that guise. But he is gone."

"Where?"

"To a far-off land."

"Where?"

"To where all unbelievers go—to hell."

Again the European laughed.

"You are polite," he said.

"It is my nature," and the Arab smiled again, that soft smile that meant nothing—absolutely nothing.

"You have no news?" asked the man at the desk, after a moment or two's pause.

"I have no news."

"And you return—when?"

"Now, to-morrow, in a month, when it pleases you."

"You want money?"

"I have come here for that."

"You remember the price arranged for—*for—*—"

"For sending the Englishman who travelled for *pleasure* and *sport* to where all unbelievers go. Yes, I remember the price."

"You believe him innocent?"

"I know him to have been so."

"Then why did you—send him away?"

"Because I wanted money."

"Yet your Koran says of the avaricious: 'On the day of judgment their treasures shall be melted in the fire of hell, and their bodies branded therewith.'"

"You omit half the quotation," added Abdurrahman, — "unless they use it not for the advancement of God's true religion.' For that purpose I use it."\*

The Russian rose from his seat and took a bundle of notes from his safe.

The Arab proceeded to count them out.

"There is no need to count them; there is more than our bargain there."

"Blessed are those who give more than they owe," said Abdurrahman thankfully.

"When shall I see you again?"

"When next I can — send away — yes, send away — an Englishman who is suspected of stirring up anti-Russian feelings on the Persian borders."

"And then?"

"Then I will come for some more money."

"Perhaps you will not get it."

"Then my tribe will ask British protection. And now, farewell."

The Arab rose slowly from his seat and bowed to the Russian, then as slowly walked across the room, slipping his feet into his shoes, and, just as a servant opened the door, bowed himself out.

The Russian sat down at his desk, and commenced looking for something there; made a note in a book, which he placed in the safe; then once more turned over his papers, as if he had mislaid some article, but without success.

"Well?" he asked presently.

The young man started, and raised his head.

"Well?" he asked again.

"I cannot," groaned the young man.

"You Montenegrins are not usually cowards."

The young man sprang to his feet.

"I am no coward!" he cried; "God knows, I am no coward!"

Again there was silence for a minute or two.

Presently the elder, with aggravating persistency, said again, —

"Well?"

Again the young man looked up.

"No," was all the response he gave.

"Then I will not trouble you further."

These words were in freezing tones. "You can go to poverty, hunger, sickness — ay, death. Good-day."

The young man rose and turned to the door. The Russian touched the bell, and a servant opened it. At the threshold he hesitated for a moment, turned back, and said eagerly, "Yes, I will do it."

"You are wise."

"No, no! I am mad! but madness is better than starvation."

"You are decided?"

"Yes, I am decided."

"Then sign this. You know its contents."

More like a machine than a man, the younger took a quill-pen and signed a deed.

"I feel like Faust with Mephistophiles," he said, almost hysterically, the moment he had signed.

"You are complimentary, like my Arab friend; but I forget you could not understand him. Anyhow, my Faust, you have not lost your soul."

"No, but I have lost my honor."

"Bah! — honor! What good is honor? And you have won this," and he handed him a bundle of notes. "When you want more, let me know." Then he added, "You know your orders. You will start at once."

"At once."

"Then good-bye."

"Good-bye."

There was no friendliness in their parting. The words were uttered as though they were glad to be rid of one another.

Again the young man reached the door; again he hesitated.

The Russian was stooping to place the newly signed deed in a drawer. He looked up and saw the hesitation in the other's face. He lifted his pen and waved it, smiling.

"Too late, my young Dr. Faust — too late."

"Yes, too late," he echoed, and crumpling the notes into his pocket, he left the room.

For a moment the Russian stood still, and then he buried his face in his hands on the table, and cried, —

"At last, at last! Twenty-five years waiting for my time — and now — and now." He pulled himself suddenly together, lit a cigarette, and rang his bell.

The clerk answered.

"Tell Yetinsky I am ready now," he said.

## CHAPTER II.

IN a handsomely furnished study, rich in dark oak, with books on the walls from floor to ceiling, sat Count Dmitresky

\* Al Koran, chap. ix., "The declaration of immunity."

writing. One could not see his face, for he was bending diligently over his work, but with his black velvet skull-cap and long white beard he might almost have been taken for an old astrologer. A single reading-lamp was all the light the room contained, and it served only to give an appearance of darkness to the surrounding bookcases of oak and the dark covers of the books. There was perfect silence in the room, and except that the man's hand travelled fast over the paper one would have thought it uninhabited, and that the black skull-cap and grey beard belonged to a waxen figure.

Presently the count raised his head. Then one could see his face, a comfortable face, stout and hearty, with rather a flat, large nose and bright, twinkling eyes, yet a face that looked as though it had known sorrow as well as happiness. For a moment or two he sat gazing before him, then took his manuscript up, carefully sorted the numbered pages, and put them in order. Rolling them, he fastened the bundle with a piece of string, and rose to his feet.

Then he walked across the room to one of the bookcases, drew out half-a-dozen books, pushed his hand in behind those that remained, and laid his manuscript to rest in the double back of the bookshelf. Once more he replaced the books he had removed, approached the stove, and, opening its brass door, threw in a couple of pine logs from a basket. The open stove door cast its red reflection on the bookshelves and rich panelled ceiling.

The count drew a chair to the fire and sat himself down in it, but he could not settle himself comfortably. He rose again, drew from his pocket a cigarette-case of silver decorated in black, with a picture of a sledge, took out a tiny cigarette, and lit it with a match from a small gold match-box which hung on his chain.

He closed his eyes and leaned back in his chair. He might have been asleep, but that every now and then a whiff of white smoke issued from his mouth and circled into the gloom above.

His cigarette burned out, but still he lay on.

Presently he rose and walked to the window. Drawing back the heavy velvet curtain, he looked without. Snow was falling fast, and beating against the double glass window. The wind shrieked and whistled in the bare trees.

He shivered, and walked back to the stove, threw a few more logs in, and settled himself once more.

Presently a servant entered, — a handsome, bearded, fair man in Russian dress, black velvet and red silk, with tall boots on. He brought some cognac and two bottles of soda.

"No, I will take tea to-night," said the count as the servant stood before him with the tray.

The man walked toward the door, hesitated for a moment, then spoke.

"Sir."

"Yes."

"There has been a sledge accident near here."

"Indeed!"

"A gentleman was in the sledge; it had been overturned, and Prowsky, on his return from town, found him lying in the snow."

"It would be like Prowsky to leave him there."

"No; he brought him here, sir."

"That's all right — where is he?"

"He is lying now nearly insensible in my room — we have wrapped him up in blankets."

"When he is better come and tell me. I would like to see him. Do all you can for him."

"Yes, sir."

The man was leaving.

"Give him some warm port wine," the count called after him.

"Yes, sir."

Half an hour passed. Then the servant returned.

"The gentleman is better," he said, "and we have thawed his clothes and dried them. He is dressed again."

"Ask him to come here — if he is well enough."

The servant left.

Presently the door was opened, and a few seconds later the benighted stranger entered. He was a tall young man, well-built, and handsome in feature. His eyes were large and blue, surrounded by dark lashes, while his eyebrows were of the same dark shade, and slightly arched. His forehead was white and high — whiter than usual, perhaps, for his exposure to cold. His brown hair curled loosely all over his head. His nose was what is known as a Greek nose, straight and fine. His mouth was a trifle effeminate, the lips wide and very pink. He was clean shaven. His clothes were evidently of foreign make; a loose, double-breasted jacket of thick grey cloth, trousers of the same material, and a silk shirt very open at the neck, were his principal characteristics.



As he walked across the room, gloomy as it was, the count read his face and liked it.

As the young man approached, the elder rose and held out his hand. He was on the point of speaking when the young man interrupted him.

"I must apologize," he said, "for my intrusion, and thank you for your hospitality. I owe my life to your kindness."

The words were simple, just what would have been expected under the circumstances; yet there was a pleasant ring in the speaker's voice that made them sound even more sincere.

"Nonsense," said the count. "Sit down, my friend, here before the stove, and keep warm, or you will be ill to-morrow." Then turning to the servant, who still lingered, he said, "Bring the tea."

They spoke in Russian, the young man very fluently but with a slight foreign accent.

"You are a Russian?" asked the count.

"Oh, no," he replied, "I am an Englishman; but my mother was a Russian, and so I speak the language tolerably well, although I have seen but little of the country yet."

"And you are travelling to see the country—your mother's land? Well, you have chosen the worst season of the year. Winter is not the time to travel in these parts, where there are no railways."

"No; so I have discovered. But people told me in England that the winters were not severe in southern Russia."

"All the winters are severe, this one more so than usual; and," he added, "by listening to what people who know nothing about it say, you have nearly lost your life."

"And you have saved it," replied the other, with a ring of thanks in his voice.

"Another word and I will put you out in the snow again," laughed the elder man.

A servant entered and wheeled a table before them, on which he set a large *samovar*,\* two tumblers, some sugar, and a lemon.

"We out-of-date Russians in the country still stick to our samovar, you see."

"I love the samovar," replied the other. "It reminds me of my childhood. My mother was enough of a Russian always to use hers, even in England; and it brings back old associations of her."

"She is dead?" asked the other quietly.

"Yes, she is dead"—he paused, then

added, "and my father, too. He was a soldier, but inherited property, and left the army to live on his estate. He was killed hunting last winter."

"And you —"

"I am a wanderer. I have let the old place. I have no relations now, so I wander—sometimes here, sometimes there. I thought of going to central Asia after leaving Russia."

"Indeed!" said the count, whose travels consisted in one visit of a month or two to St. Petersburg every year—a long journey, too, from this estate in the south.

They drank their tea in silence. Both seemed buried in reverie. It was the young man who first broke the silence.

"I may stay here to-night?" he asked.

"Of course, of course. Stay here to-night? Why, where do you think you are going else?"

"I was trying to reach Count Dmitresky's place."

"Why, man, you are in it!"

"You are Count Dmitresky?"

"Yes, I am he. You were coming to see me? Well, good luck has favored you, and a sledge accident has brought you to my door."

"I lost my way; where I should have been by now if the accident had not happened I do not know. I have a letter for you."

He opened his coat and drew a small leather pocket-book from his inside pocket—the wet and snow had not reached its contents—and extracted a note from it, which he handed to the count.

The count tore it open and read it hastily; then rising, he grasped the young man's hand and said:—

"Any one recommended to me by Orenof is indeed welcome. When did you see him last?"

"I saw him ten days ago in St. Petersburg."

"He was well?"

"Enjoying the best of health."

"Well, good fortune has brought you to my house when you might be lying in the snow. You are most welcome, Mr."—he looked at the letter to find his name—"Leslie Smith." And he grasped his hand. "Orenof tells me you are writing a book here in Russia."

"I am."

"On Russia?"

"On the condition of the Russian peasantry," he added, looking round him. "I did not tell you before,—one has to be careful of what one says in this country."

"Ay, indeed," added the other; "but

\* The Russian urn.



you are safe here. Some walls have ears, but not mine. You will stay with me a long time, then — weeks? My daughter is away. I am all alone. You will be dull, but I am delighted to have you. You will stay a long time, Mr. Leslie Smith?"

"A few days only, I fear — perhaps a week."

"And you can write a book in a week?"

"No; but I must travel on. I am collecting facts from all parts, — much lies before me yet."

"I have heaps of facts. I, too, have collected them — facts of oppression and cruelty; but you must say nothing about it. I will help you."

"Thank you, many thanks; we will talk over it to-morrow. Don't think me rude, but I am tired, very tired."

"I am a fool to have been keeping you up." He rang a bell. The servant entered. "Show Mr. Smith his room; his luggage is here?"

"Yes, sir; we sent for it at once. It came half an hour ago."

"Where have you made up Mr. Smith's room?"

"In the north wing, sir."

"Well, well, that must do for to-night. To-morrow move him into the room next to mine. You will not mind an out-of-the-way room to-night?"

"I would not mind anything to-night, I am so tired."

They parted at the door, and the servant showed Mr. Smith his room.

His luggage was already there. The servant lit a couple of candles on the dressing-table, and fetched him some hot water.

"Can I get you anything more, sir?"

"No, nothing more, thank you. Good-night."

"Good-night, sir."

Cold and fatigue had apparently told on Mr. Smith. For a moment he stood before the dressing-table, pale and trembling, then threw himself full length on the bed, his face buried in his hands.

"Oh, my God!" he sobbed. "Oh, my God!" Then he undressed, feverish and nervous, and blowing out the candles, crept into bed.

Cold and fatigue had tired him beyond measure, and sleep soon came — deep, dreamless, refreshing sleep.

#### CHAPTER III.

A WEEK had passed by. For the first few days the book had no more been talked about between Count Dmitresky and

Leslie Smith, but as the acquaintanceship ripened into sincerest friendship on both sides the subject was again mentioned.

It was one evening that they were sitting as usual in the library. Both had been silent for some minutes, the elder man gazing at the Englishman's handsome profile as he leaned forward, resting his chin on his hand.

The count was thinking of his son, who had died when quite a boy. He would have been just Leslie's age now. He always thought of him as Leslie, and often called him so. Perhaps just such another honest, good-looking fellow; but it was no good thinking — he was dead now, had been dead well-nigh upon twenty years. There was Pauline certainly left, but she was younger, and she was a girl. Sweet Pauline! when would she come back from her aunt's at Odessa? — soon, he hoped. But when he wrote, which he did nearly every day, he urged her to stay, it must be so dull for her in this great house, all alone with an old man like him — and then he was cross, too, when he had the gout.

Such were Count Dmitresky's thoughts, as he watched the young man's face in the gloom of the library. It was Leslie Smith broke the silence. "Three days have passed," he said, "and I have not touched my book."

"You are getting dull that you remember your work again. But what else can I expect? — an empty house, no neighbors, and only an old man for company."

"No; far from it! far from it! I am not dull; I could not be dull, what with your company, and when you are not here, your books."

"One can often judge a man's character by the books he reads. Tell me what have you been reading while I was out to-day?"

"Well, I spent an hour turning over the books until I found an old Arabic manuscript on vellum, richly illuminated. It is an interesting account of Mecca and the surrounding country, and I read it to see whether it —"

"You read Arabic?" interrupted the count.

"Yes, fluently. For four years before my mother died we lived entirely in Egypt, and I being a boy picked up the language at once. My father had me taught to read and write it."

"Then you speak it fluently too?"

"Yes; almost like a native."

There was no tone of pride in his accomplishment. Rather it seemed that he

took it as a matter of course that he should speak the language.

"And were you repaid for reading it?"

"No; it contained nothing of very great interest."

"And what do you intend to read to-morrow?"

"To-morrow I shall work at my book."

"And I will help you."

"You are too good. Why do you take all this trouble for a stranger?"

"No; not a stranger, Leslie — not a stranger."

He was silent for a minute or two.

"I had a son once. If he had lived he might have been as good, as handsome a young man as you are, with your honest English face. But he died — God's will be done. Leslie, will you stay and be a son to me?" he spoke hurriedly. "I have no one now but Pauline, and she is nineteen years of age, and will soon marry, I expect, and I shall be left alone. Could you bear to be always with an old man in this great house? I have books and horses and guns for you — everything you could wish. Tell me, Leslie, my boy, will you stay with me always? I have a vacant place in my heart; Pauline fills most of it, but there is room for another — will you stay and fill that void?"

Leslie rose and took the old man's hand. Their eyes met. There was a look of mutual friendship and trust — ay, of mutual love.

"It is too soon," he said, "too soon. I have only been in the house a week. You might repent, you know, when it was too late. No; it would not be fair to you. No; I cannot stay always."

"I have weighed it in my mind, Leslie. I never change. I liked your upright, honest look the moment I saw you. I knew I could trust the man before me. Stay, Leslie; stay always, my boy."

Tears stood in his eyes.

"You do not know what you are asking," Leslie answered softly. "Let me stay with you a month, or two, and then if you wish it ask me. It would not be fair to pledge yourself yet. I am only a stranger."

"So be it," said the count; "you will stay a month, and I will ask you again then. Leslie, you will not refuse?"

The young man looked at him with his clear blue eyes and said, —

"I think I shall not refuse."

The Russians are very demonstrative, and Dmitresky kissed his forehead.

The next day Leslie worked hard at his

book, a table having been put at his service in the library. The count gave him a pile of manuscript to look through — notes of facts concerning the agricultural depression in south Russia, and cases of cruelty against the government. Leslie read it all through, carefully sorting all the matter which could be of use to him in writing the second half of his book: "Russia's Treatment of her Subjects."

Sad indeed were some of the stories he came across amongst those piles of paper — loose journals kept by Dmitresky for some years past. Cases of families — poor families — blackmailed of all they had by unscrupulous police; cases of girls insulted, willingly insulted, to save their parents or brothers or sisters or sweet-hearts being sent to Siberia, on a charge which could never hold good; cases of one of a family seized in the dead of night — perhaps a mother torn from her clinging children — to walk the weary miles over the emperor's highway to Siberia. Nor were the facts alone written by Dmitresky, — notes of his own were added here and there.

"Oh," he wrote once, "if some one could only let our beloved czar know what is going on amongst his 'little children;' if the 'little Father' could only have his eyes opened to the cruelty and the shame of his police, — how different it would all be then! Our emperor, with his fatherly love, with his kind, generous heart, little knows the orders that issue from the bureau of the police."

Again, in another spot, after relating a case in which the village "pope," turned out to be a spy from the police at St. Petersburg, he had written: "Why does not some one tell him — tell him that they dress their spies in the garb of religion? He is a religious man; he is our czar; he would not permit such things."

And again: "It is not from the peasants that anarchy and nihilism arises; it is not in the country fields and villages it has its birth. Let them search the town to pick out the scoundrels, the devils who breathe assassination and dynamite from the colleges and schools, from the authors and poets. The peasants are contented enough, until the police come and break up their homes."

And yet again in another place: "It is not the czar the people would overthrow. They love him. He is good and wise and just; he is not a tyrant. The tyrant is the bureau of the police. It is like Victor Hugo's octopus, — it stretches out its long

arms on sides and sucks the blood of the people, and they say it is he — our little Father."

Under another date: "Will no relief come to these poor people? Another batch of police have been to the village. Another batch of prisoners have left for, God knows where! — probably for Siberia and death. The people are being driven wild; what will happen? They whisper now in groups in the streets, and point out to one another the women's tear-stained eyes. I love him, the czar, as every Russian and every man must, yet I love my fellow-men too. They are being driven wild. Unless it ceases it will end in outrage, and who can wonder? I almost think outrage is justified in God's sight to remove this blight from the land."

After relating some shocking cruelty he had written: "She, too, of all girls in the world, scarcely more than a child, and to have been married so soon to such a good, honest man. She did it to save her lover, and God will reward her, but she has lost her honor. To-night I could myself throw the bomb that would blow the bureau of the police to a thousand atoms, with him who wields the power there, to rid the people of espionage and cruelty."

There were many such notes as these. Leslie sorted all the papers; some he put back into a large box, some he kept in a locked drawer in his table.

On one or two afternoons the count would sit with him, sorting through the papers Leslie had reserved for use, giving him further particulars of the cases, and adding to his written notes a torrent of words against the unholy workings of the police.

The weeks slipped by and Leslie's book progressed fast. It was all arranged between them. The book would be published in London, with a preface by the count, — an anonymous preface, of course, — while a translation of the count's notes should be given verbatim after every case, likewise anonymously, given as the opinion of a Russian noble on the sufferings of his poorer brethren. Leslie was to publish the book under a *nom de plume*. On this Count Dmitresky insisted.

"If you do not," he said, "you cannot stay here with me. Even as it is, even if you were to leave me, I should not be safe. It is known that you have been staying here, and I might be in danger."

"There is no other course open to me, then," said Leslie, "but to adopt some *nom de plume*, though I do not like it. I hate taking another name; it always seems

to me dishonorable, as though one shirked the responsibility of one's task."

"No, no," said the count; "not that, my boy, not that. But you would have to leave me, and I trust you will not do that. Leslie, our month is not up, — only a few days remain. Let us pass them over. Leslie, my son, will you stay with me?" and Dmitresky gazed affectionately into his face.

Leslie held out his hand. It was a slow movement, — all his movements were slow.

"Father," he said, "I will stay with you."

#### CHAPTER IV.

THREE weeks later Pauline returned from her visit to Odessa. Leslie did not see her when she arrived, for he was hard at work in the library on his book, which was now fast growing towards completion. Still there was much work to be done. The already sorted notes and facts of Count Dmitresky had to be re-sorted, for there was not room to publish them all. Little by little as a chapter was finished it was sent to England to the publisher, and the old count used to watch his notes sealed up in the long envelopes with Leslie's manuscript with pride. At last all the pains that he had taken in keeping this journal would prove useful, and possibly more, — might benefit the poor peasants around him.

The friendship of the two men had grown still closer. There was no secret now which one had not confided to the other. The count, with tears in his eyes, had told of his wife's death, of Pauline's young days, — had told his whole history, ay, even how he had fought a duel with an officer about the girl who was afterwards his wife, and how he had wounded him on the hand with his sword, and, victorious, married the girl.

Leslie, on the other hand, had much to tell too, — of his mother's death in Egypt, of his father, and their country place, now let; how the land had gradually depreciated in value, and how glad he was to get the whole place off his hands. That this land and some investments only brought him in three thousand a year now, instead of four as formerly.

Pauline arrived, but it was not until dinner time that Leslie saw her.

He came down from his room just as the bell sounded for dinner. A room leading out of the hall, with its door open, was lighted up. Leslie had never seen this room used before, but he knew it was

Pauline's boudoir. When she was away they always sat in the library.

Within he heard the count talking, and every now and then the laughter of a girl. He entered slowly. For a moment the occupants of the room did not see him.

Count Dmitresky was standing with his back to the stove, smiling at his daughter who faced him, one hand resting on either shoulder.

Her back was turned to Leslie when he entered. He saw only her perfect figure, neck, and arms, and a mass of light golden hair.

She was laughing.

"Have you been good while I have been away?" she was saying to her father.

"Yes, my dear, I have been good — very good; but here is Leslie — ask him."

She turned round with a little start and held out her hand. Leslie took it and bowed slightly over it.

"Has papa been good, Mr. Smith?" she asked.

"I have only known your father a few weeks," Leslie answered in his slow voice; "but I know him well enough to say that he is always good."

"Oh, you've been spoiling him. Mr. Smith has been spoiling you, papa."

A footman announced dinner.

At the table Leslie had more time and opportunity to look at Pauline.

There was no doubt she was very lovely, a loveliness of the purest Russian type. Her face was long and rather oval, with dark-grey eyes and black lashes, arched eyebrows, a rather fine, straight nose, and perfectly bowed lips. Though her features were not perhaps perfect, yet there was the surrounding mass of light golden hair, the long, white neck of exquisite moulding, to add to the charm.

She was beautifully dressed. Her costume struck Leslie, who had a keen eye to art, as as near perfection as anything he had ever seen in the way of women's dress.

It was half a dinner dress, half a tea gown. The foundation was of mauve silk, an exquisitely pale tone of mauve that was almost grey in shadow. Over the silk, and almost hiding it, was draped tulle of the same delicate hue. Where the tulle hung in loose folds over the body it was embroidered in tiny pearls, as was also the skirt. A train hung from her shoulders, a train of the same shade of silk brocade. The sleeves reached her elbows — drooping sleeves of mauve tulle, held back by little strings of pearls. Over her neck and shoulders the tulle hung

lightly, with no regularity or shape, but in natural folds, just thick enough for one to gather the perfect outline of her shoulders.

The conversation was bright; and although Leslie had rather dreaded the arrival of the young lady, fearing it would draw him from his work, now she was come he was very pleased. He felt then, for the first time, that the house had been a trifle dull before, though he was always assuring the count to the contrary. How often one discovers something when it is all over!

After dinner Pauline left them to their cigarettes. They did not sit long; a couple of glasses of Dmitresky's famous Château Margaux, and they joined her in the boudoir.

She was seated at the piano playing, and made no attempt to leave as they came in. It was the Swan Song from "Lohengrin." She was only playing from ear, yet her touch was soft and sweet, and every note spoke of pathos, of the parting of Lohengrin and Elsa.

Leslie walked towards the piano. She turned towards him.

"Will you not sing it?" he said.

"No, certainly not. I sing 'Lohengrin'! Why, to begin with, it's a man's part, and would lose all its meaning if I sang it; and besides, I don't know the words."

"I do," said Leslie quickly. "I can prompt you in them."

"Then if Mr. Leslie Smith knows the words of Lohengrin's song, no doubt he can sing it."

"I never sing now," said Leslie.

"Ah, you are like all men," she said; "you want pressing. Papa made me think you were better than the rest — no, I don't mean that," she added hurriedly; "but I think you might sing."

"Would it please you?"

"That I can't say till I've heard you. There now, that's all the pressing you'll get, so sing or not as you please."

"No, it is as *you* please."

"Well, then, sing."

She left out the melody, playing the accompaniment only, which she knew by heart.

Leslie stood behind her and sang — sang that most beautiful song in all Wagner's music in a voice one can seldom hear — a perfect tenor. As the difficult song proceeded, he worked more and more passion into it, until his voice died away in those last sweet notes.

The music ceased.

"You have sung before—you have studied music?" she asked hurriedly. "This is not the first time you have played Lohengrin?"

"And you are playing Elsa. Take care; perhaps if you ask these questions I shall go away, as Lohengrin did."

"Yes; and nice and comfortable a boat drawn by a swan would be in weather like this, with all the water frozen, too."

And so they talked on, while the old count sat at the other end of the room turning over page after page of a large manuscript.

Soon Pauline left them, and the vision of mauve and loveliness was gone.

"Come into the library, Leslie," the old man said; "I have something to say to you."

They crossed the hall and entered the room with the black oak shelves.

"I am going to tell you something I have not told you before. No, you need not look so anxious; it is no cause for anxiety." Then nervously, "Leslie, I have written a novel. I only finished it the night you came."

"A novel!" cried Leslie, astonished. "I never thought you could have written a novel."

"No. I know it is very foolish and stupid of me, but I have been often alone and dull, you know, before you came. I have written it on and off for three years. I dare say it is very stupid; but would you read it?"

"Of course I will, with pleasure, and no doubt enjoy it, too."

"Oh no, you won't do that. It is not a novel for enjoyment. It is a sad story."

"And what is its subject?" asked Leslie.

The count looked round him. "It is a political novel," he said; "a little advanced in ideas perhaps, but you know how I think in these matters, and there are no secrets between us. Be careful to keep the manuscript locked away; and I thought if you found it passable you might send it to your publishers, to be translated into English and published anonymously. It might do good to the poor people here."

Count Dmitresky gave a thick roll of paper to Leslie, evidently the same roll he had been looking through during the singing in Pauline's boudoir. The count did not wait to say more. He seemed nervous, half to regret what he had done, and said good-night. Then at the door he turned back, and nodded to Leslie.

"You must think me an old fool, I fear.

Fancy my writing a novel—ha, ha! Good-night, Leslie; good-night."

"Good-night, sir."

When dawn began to force its way in through the library curtains, Leslie was finishing the last pages.

He finished and tied the manuscript up, walked to the curtains and drew them back, letting the cold winter's daylight in.

A womanservant entered the room, and started to see Mr. Smith in his dress clothes.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I did not know you were here."

"It is all right," said Leslie, turning his pale, tired face, with eyes red from reading, towards her; "what time is it?"

"It is eight o'clock nearly," she answered, "and breakfast will be ready in an hour."

Leslie walked to his room and bathed his hot head and eyes in cold water, undressed, took his bath, and dressed himself in his morning clothes.

The bell rang for breakfast. He took the roll of manuscript, sealed it in a canvas envelope, and addressed it. Then he went down-stairs.

After breakfast he took his hat and fur coat in the hall.

"You are going out?" asked the count.

"Yes," he replied. "I have some letters for the post."

"Send Ivan with them."

"No, thank you. I was working late last night,—the walk will do me good."

In an hour he returned. He found Dmitresky in his study.

"Ah, Leslie, I am glad you are back. I have thought differently about my novel. I will not publish it—or if I do it will be in the stove. Give me my manuscript back."

"Too late," laughed Leslie; "it is gone."

"Gone! Where?"

"To the—publisher."

#### CHAPTER V.

"I AM going away."

It was Leslie who spoke these words late one evening in the study. Pauline had retired, so the count and he had as usual adjourned to the library.

Dmitresky jumped to his feet.

"Going away, Leslie?" he said, in a grieved voice; "and you are tired of us?"

"No, not that,—anything but that. But I have received a letter to-day from my publisher. I must go to England to see to my books. My estate, too, requires



my presence. I will only be away a month or two, sir."

"Cannot you settle it from here? Write or telegraph. Say you can't come. We can't spare you, Leslie, my boy."

"What! not for a month or two?"

"No, not for a day. After Pauline, I love you best in the world. You must not go away and leave us; and Pauline will — will be sorry."

"I am grieved, sir, but I must go. However, I promise to return as soon as I can. I will not stay away long. A week or two in England ought to settle all my business."

"You will forget us when you get away, — forget the old house with its dull old man and its young hostess. Well, no wonder. It must be dull for you. I often thought so. I know it now."

Leslie rose from his chair and took the old count's hand in his.

"Sir," he said, "father, — for you told me I might call you so, — put no opposition in my way. It is better I should go. I will only be away a month or two. The time will soon pass, and I will hurry back to my dear home here, which six months ago I entered a benighted stranger, which I shall leave now —"

"As a beloved son," broke in the old man, his voice half choked with a sob.

"As a beloved son," repeated Leslie in his slow, sweet manner, — "as a beloved son."

"You *must* go, Leslie?"

"Yes, father, I must go; but remember, wherever I am I will not forget you and my home here, — and Pauline —"

Their eyes met.

I think the old man had guessed it before. He rose from his chair and laid his hand gently on Leslie's shoulder.

"You have spoken to her, Leslie?"

He looked down.

"No, father," he said, "not yet."

"But you will tell her before you leave."

"No, father. It will be best when I come back. There is business to settle in England. I wish to sell my property and put the money into securities. I have many things to do. I shall speak when I come back."

"You love her, Leslie?"

He looked up into the count's face with those honest blue eyes of his.

"I love her with all my heart," — he spoke as usual very slowly — "with all my heart and with all my soul. When she is near me I cease to live; I seem to leave this world behind me, to see, as in a dream,

only her beauty, to hear only her voice. Do I love her? Ay, I deign to; for as the stars are above the earth, she is above me. Yet I deign to love her."

"God bless you, Leslie, my dear boy! I could wish nothing more than this. It has been my hope almost since I first saw you, when you came a benighted stranger to my house. It was the good God who brought you here."

"Do you think — what do you think she will say?"

"Leslie, I will tell you a secret. She has told me what she will say: 'Yes!'"

Leslie sighed — a sigh of relief.

"You guessed it?" asked Dmitresky.

"Yes, I thought so," he answered.

There was silence for a few minutes.

"And you must really go away, Leslie?"

"Yes, I must really go; but do you think I shall not hurry back when such happiness awaits me?"

"I know you will, my boy, — I know you will."

"You are not angry with me for going?"

"I am never angry with you. If it must be, it must be. When do you intend to go?"

"To-morrow night."

"So soon, Leslie — so soon!"

"The sooner I go the sooner I shall come back," he answered cheerfully.

"True — yes, the sooner you will come back."

"It is late; good-night, father."

"Good-night, my son. God grant it will not be long before I have a further right to call you that."

The following morning after breakfast Leslie told Pauline that he was going away. She was standing at the piano turning over some music.

"Pauline," he said, for they called one another Pauline and Leslie now, — "Pauline, I have some news for you."

"Good news or bad, Leslie?"

"Bad for me; for you, I do not know. You must judge for yourself."

"Well, good or bad, tell it to me."

"Pauline, I am going away."

For a moment she paled and clutched the corner of the piano — it was but for a moment; then she steadied herself with an effort, and smiling, said, —

"You are going to take a holiday?"

"A holiday? oh dear, no! Nothing but important business would take me away."

"Important business," — there was a tone of sarcasm in Pauline's voice. It did not pass unnoticed by Leslie.



"Pauline," he said, "do not make it harder for me to go than it is already. God knows it is a struggle, but it will be best for all of us. A month or two and I shall be back again—only a short absence."

"A month or two is a long time."

"Oh no, it is not. It soon flies by. It will with me. I shall count the days until I return, for I have much to look forward to when I come back."

"You are sorry to go?"

"Yes, very sorry. I am sorry to leave your father and the books—and you, Pauline."

"Father most, the books second, and Pauline last," she cried petulantly, dropping him a curtsy.

He said not a word, but his eyes fastened on hers.

She blushed.

"I am sorry I said that," she added.

"Leslie!"

It was the count's voice that called him. He wanted him in the library to talk about his book.

"You will be very careful that my name is concealed. There are things in that book, as you know, that it would never do for me to own. There would be trouble in St. Petersburg."

"I will be very careful. You know where your safety is concerned I would not do anything rash."

"I trust you, my dear boy. I would put my life in your hands and have no fear."

"Thank you, father."

They sat talking all day, these two. Once or twice Leslie went to Pauline's boudoir, but she was not there. He did not meet her till dinner time. He was to leave after dinner, at nine o'clock, so they dined at six.

The summer was at its height, but they dined by artificial light, a soft light of candles with red shades.

Pauline wore the same dress as she had the first night they had met—a dream of mauve.

They did not talk much during dinner, and what conversation there was seemed forced.

The count spoke a little of his book when the servants were not in the room. Pauline tried to keep her spirits up, and failed miserably. Not a word was said of Leslie's departure, but all thought of it.

After dinner they strolled on to the terrace, a wide gravel walk. The sun was setting behind a great bank of dark clouds,

throwing his last dying rays into the house and on the high hill behind. Every window-pane glowed; the old turrets stood out golden against the woods. There they sat—the count and Leslie talking and smoking, Pauline toying with her coffee. When Leslie was talking to the count, her eyes were fixed on his face, and his sought hers at times. When they met, she colored slightly, and dropped them.

The old count was not lacking in diplomacy. He got up and left them.

For a few minutes neither of them spoke. Then Leslie drew his chair nearer Pauline's. The sun had set now, and the moon was shining clear and bright in the night air.

"Pauline, you will think of me sometimes when I am away?"

"I shall not forget you, Leslie."

"You are sorry I am going?"

"I am very sorry."

"Why?"

The question seemed to startle her, but in a moment she was herself again.

"Because I fear you may not come back."

"Pauline, I promise you I will come back. I give you my word—nay, more, I swear that, unless death or sickness stay me, I will return. I could not do otherwise. I am a wanderer in the world, without relations, almost without friends. Here I have a home, a father, and a—sister, Pauline. Can you imagine I would stay away? Directly my business is over I will return here as fast as steamer, rail, and coach can carry me. I will not rest day or night on the journey until once more I stand with you on this terrace, until once more I hold your hand in mine."

A nightingale burst into song on an orange-tree near by. Its plaintive melody seemed to both a fit accompaniment to their love.

"Thank you, Leslie," she whispered.

He held her hand lightly in his, and looked at her. She was passing fair in the pale moonlight; her dress of soft tulle seemed like a filmy cloud—like the filmy clouds that passed before the moon ever and anon, as if soaring by on a journey.

The minutes passed by slowly. Not one word they spoke. There was no need of words. Hearts can speak as surely and as deeply—ay, more deeply than lips. A phaeton with three horses harnessed abreast drove along the avenue from the stable, and drew up at the door of the house.

Leslie's hand closed faster on Pauline's. The footman brought his luggage out, and piled it up behind.

"Everything is ready, sir," said Ivan, as he handed him his soft travelling hat and light overcoat.

"Put my coat in the carriage; I shall not need it."

Ivan went away.

He held his hat in his left hand, with his right he clasped her trembling fingers.

"Pauline," he whispered.

"Oh, Leslie, my own dear love," and she threw her bare white arms round his neck and shoulders, and buried her face on his breast. He leaned over and kissed her brow and lips — again and again.

Then gently he withdrew her arms from his neck, and led her to a long cane-chair. She threw herself down, burying her face in her hands and sobbing.

Tears were in his eyes as he shook hands with the count, and was kissed by him in return. Dmitresky had waited near the door; he would not disturb their farewell.

The carriage drove away down the avenue into the moonlight. They could hear it for a long time, the rumbling of its wheels on the gravel in the still night. Then all was silent.

Dmitresky leaned over his daughter and kissed her.

"Come in, Pauline. The moon is setting, and it is chilly. Come in, my darling."

And they entered the house together.

#### CHAPTER VI.

ALMOST as far as the eye could reach stretched a plain, on which the southern sun was beating down with terrific force. Were it not that here and there was a little sprig of coarse grass, or an aloe or two reared their spiky leaves, one could have called it a desert. Far away in the distance was a range of sunburnt, rocky hills. It was difficult to say how far off they were, for the hot sun rendered it impossible to judge distance, while the heated air gave an appearance of unreality to everything, here and there forming mirage.

There were no signs of life visible at first. An Arab might have seen the gazelle which were lying amongst some loose stones, but a European would never have been able to pick them out.

The heat rose bewilderingly from the plains, and the sun streamed down. Even a solitary palm-tree, with a dried-up well at its foot, offered but little shade. It was

scarcely even green; the white sand had fixed itself into its leaves, giving them an appearance of greyness.

It is quite a mistake to search for color in the desert. There is no color there. The white glare of the sun turns everything black and white. The sand, the sky, are white. The trees, people, and beasts, if there are any, look black.

Presently two specks issued from a gully in the bare, rocky range of hills. At first it was impossible to say what they were. Soon one could recognize camels with figures on their backs. A little later, and one could see the figures were those of men. They halted.

One raised himself on his camel-saddle and scanned the plain, then turning his camel slightly, made for the palm-tree, the other following.

The two camels came on with drooping heads and necks and weary gait. The riders were so muffled in loose clothes that little was visible of either except their eyes.

Over their backs were slung long-barrelled guns of native manufacture, while a scimitar hung at the side of each.

The leader pulled up his camel about a hundred yards from the palm.

"Bah!" he cried; "by Allah, no water!"

The other drew up to his side, and gazed too at the empty tank, with its bottom of hard-cracked yellow clay.

"We must push on. Insh'allah! we shall find water at the next well." It was the other man who spoke this time, and from his accent it was plain he was not a native of this part of the country.

"No, Al Hadj," said the man who had spoken first; "we will rest here a bit. There is just shade enough for us to sit in, and when the weather cools we will proceed. When will sunset be?"

"Not for three hours or more yet; but we will rest a while here. I still have some water in my bottle."

Both men spoke to their camels, who at once lay down, grunting the while.

They dismounted, and, hobbling the camels, unfastened the skin water-bottles from their saddles, and shook the sand from their clothes.

"Come into the shade, Al Hadj."

They crept under what little shadow the palm-tree gave.

Slowly one of the men unwound the bandage-like linen that half covered his face. He was very dark, almost brown, with a face marked with small-pox, and one

eye blind. A scraggy beard and moustache half covered the lower portion of his face.

He wiped the sweat off his forehead with his hands, and drank a little more from his bottle.

Slowly the other man followed his example, uncovering his face.

He was a contrast to his companion. It was easy enough to see that he was a city Arab, while his companion hailed from the plains.

He would have been fair had not the sun tanned his face to a shade of light bronze. A small beard of brown hair covered his chin, a beard trimmed as the Arabs of the towns do. His eyes were blue, not uncommon amongst the city Arabs all over their country. His nose was fine and straight, his eyebrows and lashes dark. The dark man looked at his companion long and searchingly.

"Great are the sons of the Prophet," he said at last, "for many nations follow his teaching — nations of all colors and languages."

"God is great," said the other wearily.

"Ay, and there is no God but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God."

"Blessed be his name."

"Where is your country, Al Hadj?"

"Oh, I come from afar, from Cairo — far, far away from here."

"Are all men fair in your land?" asked the other.

"No, not all; many are. My mother was a Turk," he added.

"Ah, from Stamboul?"

"Yes, from Stamboul."

For an hour or so they did not speak. Once they moved, for the afternoon sun had changed the shadow of the palm.

The fairer of the two, the Hadj, lay and watched the camels chewing with half-closed eyes.

It was he spoke first.

"When shall we find Abdurrahman's camp?" he asked.

"To-morrow morning, if we travel all night. It is only forty miles from here."

Neither spoke again until the sun, a burning orb of crimson, was setting, when the Arab of the plains touched the other, and said, —

"We must be off."

Wearily the Hadj turned round and rose to his feet.

"Have you much water left in your bottle?" asked the dark Arab.

"No, not much."

"Allah lâtif, we have far to go before we reach another well."

"Is there sure to be water there?"

"Yes, and to spare. It is never dry."

The sun had set, and the after-glow lit up the plain with its lurid, strange light, when they mounted their camels once more and set out.

"Abdurrahman is a great man about here?" asked the Hadj.

"Yes, lately he has been a great man, since the infidels — God's curse upon them! — have crept down south."

"God burn their fathers!" added the Hadj.

"Yes, now he is a great man. The shah, wishing to keep him friendly to Persia, has called him khan; and men say the Russians give him money."

"Is it true?"

"I don't know. We Arabs will do most things for money."

"Except dishonor our religion."

"There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God."

Hour after hour they journeyed on. There was water in the next well, and the tired and thirsty camels drank. Then on they went again. The night was cool, and dew was falling.

Sunrise came in time, and the heat began again. The cicadas chirruped in the rocks and sand. The gazelle sped over the plain, kicking up the dust behind them. The eagle soared, searching his prey.

After the sun had been up some three hours they crossed a range of low hills. From the summit a welcome view met their eyes. There was Abdurrahman's camp, pitched in a green valley in the shade of a clump of palm-trees. Through the middle of the valley flowed a stream of clear water rippling over its pebbly course. On the hillside were women tending goats, while below wandered camels. The encampment consisted of perhaps a hundred tents in all — the low-pitched *ghima* of the Arabs — rich in color.

In the centre of the camp stood a large tent of European canvas. Round the tent was a wall of burnt clay about six feet in height, with a wooden door by which to enter the enclosure. On the summit of the centre pole of the tent was a gilt ball, and a short flagstaff with a red flag flying.

The two men on their camels instinctively drew rein to gaze on the beautiful scene. Scarcely a sound issued from below except the grinding of the stone hand corn-mills, the pipes of the shepherd boys and girls, and the music of the stream. Not a breath of wind stirred the palms, and the blue smoke of the Arab fires

curled and twisted in shadowy blue columns into the sky.

"This is the camp of Abdurrahman Khan," said the darker of the two men. "Let us descend."

When they reached the stream the Hadj dismounted, bathed his face and hands in the cool water, and threw off all the heavy over-clothes that the Arabs wear as a protection from the sun. He looked wonderfully handsome now, robed in a loose, flowing garment of sea-green silk, open down the front where an under-dress of the palest salmon hue showed, fastened by a sash of many colors. From the sack which contained his baggage on the camel he drew a new fez and snowy turban, which he put on his shaven head in place of the travel-stained one he had worn before. A pair of bright yellow slippers completed his change.

"My Cairo Hadj must be a rich man to wear clothes like that."

The other took no notice of this remark, but threw a long, broad cloak over him, concealing his whole costume, and proceeded to the encampment. A crowd soon collected. Visitors were rare in this out-of-the-way spot on the Persian frontier, where no one lived but the wandering Arab border-tribes.

"Peace be with you all—the peace of God! Is Abdurrahman in his tent?"

"To you, too, peace; Abdurrahman is within. Who shali we tell him wishes to see him?"

"Tell him a Hadj from Cairo."

His camel knelt down and he dismounted, standing by the animal's neck, as a couple of the men hurried within to inform Abdurrahman Khan of the arrival of the stranger.

A minute later they reissued, bidding the Cairo Hadj to enter.

Throwing back his cloak, he passed into the tent of Abdurrahman Khan.

#### CHAPTER VII.

Two men were seated in an office. It is the same office as we have seen before, the room with the barred windows and the Persian carpet.

The two men are the same also. At the desk sits the grey-headed man with the heavy brows, in his frock-coat with red button, and his loosely tied necktie. He has not altered in the least.

The other man is the same too. He has altered but slightly. He still wears a short brown beard and moustache, and his hair still has the same tendency to curl. This time, however, his face is not

buried in his hands. He sits upright, waiting for the man at the desk to speak. He is writing busily.

"In one moment, Danovitch," he says, and continues writing. Presently he ceases, and throwing down his pen, sighs a sigh of relief.

"Finished at last. Have you brought the rest of those proofs?"

"No, sir, I have not."

"Dear me! that's a pity. You could not get them, I suppose?"

"Yes, I could have got them."

"Then why on earth did you not bring them?"

"I was not able."

"Very annoying," murmured the other, "and I so nearly attaining what I have been working for these twenty-five years. However, I think we have enough here for my purpose." He rose and unlocked his safe. "Let me see. Here are copious notes, some underlined. Yes, this is our strongest point, perhaps—it is all strong, but this is convincing—ah, and very amusing too:—

"The tyrant is the bureau of the police. It is like Victor Hugo's octopus,—it stretches out its long arms on sides and sucks the blood of the people,—a neat phrase, very neat. And here is more underlined: 'To-night I could myself throw the bomb that would blow the bureau of the police into a thousand atoms, with him who wields the power there, to rid the people of espionage and cruelty'—'and him who wields power there,'—dear me! I suppose that's myself; very shocking are not they—these sentiments of murder? No! Assassination! I think if they blew me up I am sufficiently grand for my death to be an assassination—with a capital A, mind, Danovitch,"—and he showed his white teeth in a smile. "Yes, I fancy this, and—ah, let me see, here it is—a political novel that alone would send our dear old count on a rather long journey."

The younger man said nothing. A minute later the elder continued: "A pity you did not bring more proofs. However, you have done well, very well; you will get a step up for this; I will see to it. And the old boy treated you well, did he? Made you at home, I suppose? The sledge accident was splendidly managed. I could not have done it better myself, and I should have had a cold in my head next day, and that worries me so I should have been in a bad temper for a week, and the dear old fellow would not have asked me to stay with him." The grey-headed

man was evidently excited; he did not show it much, but his hands worked fretfully, tapping the table. The cuff of his right hand slid back and showed a white scar on his wrist—evidently a rapier wound. He pulled his cuff back quickly—the white cuff with the great black solitaires and silver coronets—as though he was ashamed of this mark.

The young man had seen the scar, and the other's eyes perceived it.

"That was his mark," he said, coolly to all outward appearance, but evidently in a state of great excitement. "Yes, Dmitresky left that scar there, and a deeper one here"—he laid his hand upon his heart—"which it has taken these twenty-five years to wipe out, but it is nearly done now, nearly finished. A week more or less does not matter. With these papers in my hands I am certain of victory, of revenge—and he, gouty old man as he is, will trudge across the great plains this coming autumn. It is a long walk, Danovitch, but if I could I would make him walk it barefoot over and over again." His eyes glowed beneath the heavy brows with malignant hate. Suddenly he changed his expression, and said coolly,—

"Have a cigarette?"

"Thank you, sir," and Danovitch took one from the silver box on the table.

"Dear me! I have wasted five minutes and more," said the man at the desk, "and five minutes of my time is valuable. Stay! you have not a light," and he handed Danovitch a lighted lucifer.

"Many thanks," he said.

"You have not brought the proofs? I am sorry for that. Then I suppose I can guess the object of your visit. Don't be afraid. I will supply it. No doubt it is money you want?"

"No, it is not money."

"But you will receive money for your work—for your success?"

"No, I will receive no money."

He looked surprised, but only for a moment, and then took to paring his nails, just as he had done at their first interview.

"You are a strange young man. If it is not money you want, why on earth have you come here?"

Danovitch spoke slowly.

"I have come for those papers back."

"What papers?"

"Count Dmitresky's papers."

"Come to ask for Count Dmitresky's papers back?" he asked, stupefied.

"No," said Danovitch, "not to ask for them back, to demand them back."

The other smiled sweetly.

"Really, my dear young friend, you are incomprehensible—or mad; let us say the former, it sounds better."

"If I am incomprehensible, I will soon make myself understood." Danovitch rose slowly and walked to the desk. "I want all those papers back."

"Really? Indeed?" said the other mockingly, as he laid them in a drawer and turned the key. "There is nothing I would not do for you, my young friend, but I fear this I must refuse."

"You will not refuse."

"Dear me! this is most interesting. I wish Tolstoi were here; he'd make a capital story out of it."

"I ask you again," said Danovitch quietly, "will you give me the papers back?"

"Mr. Danovitch, I will not." He rang his bell. It was answered by the clerk. "Is there any one waiting to see me?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; Abdurrahman Khan is here." For a moment those narrow eyes of his sought Danovitch's face, but nothing was to be read there.

"Show him in."

"I will leave you now," said Danovitch, "but I will wait. Perhaps you may like to see me later."

The other only bowed, and Danovitch passed out as Abdurrahman came in.

"Welcome, Abdurrahman!" said the Russian, speaking in Arabic.

The Arab entered, left his slippers at the door, and bowed slowly and gracefully. The Russian rang his bell and ordered coffee, while he himself motioned the Arab to be seated. As before, Abdurrahman tucked his legs under him, drew a small jewelled chibouk from under his loose clothes, and commenced smoking.

The Russian knew the Arab character too well to commence business at once, and he knew their love for flattery. "That is an exquisite pipe you have there," he said.

Abdurrahman drew the amber mouth-piece slowly from his lips and cast his eyes over the gold and jewelled stem.

"Yes," he said, "it is a masterpiece. It is partly because of that pipe that I am here."

"Indeed!" said the other, fairly astonished, though he was careful not to show it. The Arab took a whiff or two at his pipe, blowing little rings of smoke from his mouth.

The coffee arrived. Abdurrahman looked at the Russian and smiled, then



turned to the servant, and said in Arabic, "Bring another cup—an empty one."

The man at the desk translated.

Until the third cup had arrived, and the servant had left, neither spoke; then the Arab lifted one of the full cups from the chased gold saucer, and poured half its contents into the new cup; this he did with the other several times, until at last two cups remained full, but with the ingredients mixed.

The Russian did not know whether to laugh or to be annoyed. He laughed.

"Russia is a splendid country," said the Arab, "a vast empire, but their coffee is not always good. I like it mixed." The Russian drank his, and the Arab, smiling, followed his example.

"You bring me news, Abdurrahman? How goes it on the frontier?"

"Our friends—*my* friends—are stronger than ever."

"That's well. But say what brings you here to St. Petersburg, and tell me the story of your pipe."

"It is too long, and not worth telling. I have come to St. Petersburg to ask for something."

"To ask for something?"

"Yes, and to fetch something."

The Russian walked to his safe and pulled out a roll of notes.

"How much do you want?"

"It is not money I want."

The words struck him curiously—the same words as Danovitch had used a little before.

The Arab put a pinch of fresh tobacco in his pipe, lit it, and sat with half-closed eyes, slowly inhaling the smoke, and breathing it out again in tiny rings.

"It is not money you want?"

"Can you make rings of smoke with your lips?" asked the Arab. "I only learned yesterday. A friend of yours taught me; but see, I do it to perfection already,"—and half-a-dozen little rings issued from the Arab's lips.

"A friend of mine taught you?"

"Yes; a friend of yours. His name is Danovitch."

"Danovitch!"

"Yes; a charming fellow. You remember the Englishman we—sent away on the frontier? We thought he was a spy. He could not play the Arab as your friend Danovitch can. Though I had seen him here before at our last interview, I did not discover he was an infidel in disguise for an hour or two—when he paid me a visit."

"When he paid you a visit?"

"Yes; you should get him to go to one of your balls as a Cairo Hadj. He plays the part to perfection."

"He speaks the language?"

"Like a native."

The Russian saw it all then. Danovitch had understood their conversation before; he was going to threaten him; still there were no proofs. The bribe of the pipe! Yes; it was all clear now.

"Well, if it is not money you want, what is it?"

"I want—Allah, my pipe is out. Will you oblige me with a match? Do you know in my country matches cost more than candles. The heat seems to affect them, and they do not strike. A man could make a fortune if he brought matches to Persia that would be sure to light."

"Tell me, Abdurrahman, what it is you want?" asked the other impatiently. The Arab lit his pipe, and puffed it for a moment in silence.

"I want—*Allah lâtif*, my pipe does not draw. Your Russian tobacco does not do for these pipes. I wish I had brought more with me. You asked me something?"

"Yes; I asked you what you are here for?"

"I have come to fetch the papers—all the papers that Danovitch sent you on behalf of a count with some name I cannot pronounce."

"Then you have come in vain. You shall not have them."

"Can I buy Turkish—real Turkish—tobacco in St. Petersburg?"

"I don't know."

They sat in silence for some minutes. The Russian was pretending to write. Abdurrahman watched him with interest.

"You write very fast," he said; "much faster than I write Arabic—but it is clear writing. Alas! I cannot read your sloping letters, all joined together, but I can see it is very clear."

He held up a little slip of paper before him.

"My writing?"

"Yes; would you like to see it? Come and look."

The Russian walked round and leaned over the Arab's chair.

For a moment he turned deadly pale; the next, with a burst of laughter, he snatched away the paper and tore it into a hundred pieces.

The Arab smiled, and put his hand into his sash and brought out another slip precisely similar.

The Russian cursed.

"You would like to tear this one up too? You are welcome. I have any amount. These are only copies. The original I have not here. Would you mind ringing your bell for Danovitch?"

A wicked smile spread over the man's face as he mechanically he touched his bell.

Danovitch entered.

"Would you read this?" said Abdurrahman; "unfortunately I cannot read Russian."

Danovitch took the slip and read, —

"To Abdurrahman Khan, ten thousand roubles for removing an Englishman, suspected of being a spy, on the Russo-Perisian frontier. November 20, 188—."

"The note I lost," hoarsely whispered the Russian. Then he sprang to his feet, hastily walked across the room, and turned the key in the door. "Fools!" he cried — "fools! I have you yet. I have only to order my men, and you will disappear — never to be heard of again. We can do these things in Russia!" There was a ring of proud victory in his voice.

The Arab rose slowly from his seat, stretched himself, and yawned, then folded his jewelled pipe carefully away in a silk handkerchief, and, as if not satisfied, unrolled it again, and once more wrapped it up.

The Russian glared from the door. Then Abdurrahman drew out his watch, held it to his ear to see if it was going, and looked at the time.

"I think you had better give me those papers at once," he said, with his soft, musical voice. "It is a quarter to five now, and the British ambassador is expecting me at the Embassy at five, and I should not like to keep him waiting."

"The British ambassador!" hissed the Russian. "What do you want with him?"

"You have not heard," responded the Arab. "Why, I thought you Russian police knew everything. I have taken British protection for myself and my tribe. I am a British subject, so I must not keep my ambassador waiting — infidel though he is."

The Russian walked to his table, unlocked the drawer, and handed Danovitch the papers. "See if they are all there, Danovitch," said the Arab. "Russians sometimes make little mistakes, and a man so overburdened with work as our friend here might by mishap have mislaid some."

The Russian had sunk back, sullen and pale, into his chair at the desk. The Arab

approached him, and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Good-bye, my dear friend," he said, "good-bye. If you hear of any place where they sell Turkish tobacco in St. Petersburg, you might let me know. A note to the British Embassy will always find me."

The other did not answer.

"They are all here," said Danovitch. "There, let us go." The two men walked towards the door and unlocked it. Without a word they passed out.

On the threshold Abdurrahman turned, and, holding the door open, murmured, "You will not forget about the Turkish tobacco. Your Russian stuff does not do well for my jewelled pipe. If the English grew tobacco, I would smoke that. The Russian weed makes me sick sometimes. Adieu, and peace be with you!"

Leslie Smith's work with his publisher kept him three months away. He never wrote once all that time, and the letters sent to London were returned. He had forgotten to call for them, he said. They forgave his not writing when they saw him back once more. A month later Pauline and he were married.

From Belgravia.

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

In the year 1747 the first Duke of Leinster married Emily Mary, daughter of Charles, Duke of Richmond, and on the 15th of October, 1763, was born in Dublin their fifth son, Edward, afterwards famous for the share he took in the Irish rebellion of '98.

Ten years later the Duke of Leinster died, and after an extremely brief widowhood, Lord Edward's mother married a William Ogilvie, Esq., who belonged to a very old Scotch family, and soon after this marriage the duchess and Mr. Ogilvie went over to Aubigny, in France, the Duke of Richmond having lent them an old house which he had there. Here the boy's education was undertaken by his step-father, and seems, according to Maxwell's account, to have been "hurried and imperfect." He was intended for the military profession, and his tastes coinciding with the destiny marked out for him, he learnt with a will, and was soon proficient in the science of military construction, etc.

In 1779, his mother, and the whole of the family, left Aubigny for England. Shortly after, young Edward joined the Sussex militia, of which his uncle, the then Duke of Richmond, was the colonel.

This, however, was not enough to satisfy his ambitious spirit, and shortly after, he was appointed lieutenant to the 96th line regiment, and joined it in Ireland late in 1780. From Youghal he wrote the following letter to his mother, then residing in Kildare Street, Dublin:—

We arrived here on Saturday, after a very wet march from five in the morning till four in the afternoon. I should have written to you then had I been able; but I had so much to do the minute I had got dry things, in looking for lodgings, in seeing the men settled, and getting my baggage, that I may say I have not been off foot till this moment. I am not, however, the least tired, though I marched every step of the way, and almost every day's journey after Carlow was twenty miles over rugged mountains. This is a very pleasant quarter.

I am lodged with Captain Giles, and like him better every day. I hope I shall be in transport with him. We have not yet heard anything about the transport, nor of our destination. There are orders for three more regiments to prepare to go with us, and one of cavalry; which makes me think it cannot be to Gibraltar, and this I am very glad of.

There is to be a great assembly here to-night, and the misses are all in a great hurry to show themselves off to the officers. I have a great many civilities from the people here—not from the misses—but gentlemen of the town, especially from both the Uniacks; and the youngest, whom you saw, offered me his house, and has insisted on providing me with garden-stuff of all sorts from his country house when we are to sail.

Though he followed the profession he loved with great ardor and zeal, yet he found time to indulge in the pleasures of society, and noticed and commented on those he met, with true Irish keenness and wit, as may be seen from the following extract from a letter addressed to the duchess:—

I went from thence to Lord Shannon's, where I met Lady Inchiquin, in the same old *marron*-colored gown I saw her in when we left Ireland; only, indeed, I must say (to give the devil his due) that it was made up into a jacket and petticoat. Miss Sandford was with her; she is a charming girl, very pretty, with a great deal of wit, and very sensible and good-humored—in short, if I had had time, I should have fallen desperately in love with her; as it is, I am a little touched. Lady Inchiquin and she both go to Dublin tomorrow. I don't know what sort of an account Lady Inchiquin will give of me, but I

am sure Miss Sandford will give a very good one.

This letter is very characteristic of an Irishman.

Lord Edward, according to the army list of 1782, exchanged into the 19th, September 20th, 1780, but in reality it seems that he exchanged early in February, 1781, and in the beginning of the following June, his regiment and some others sailed from Cork, and landing at Charleston, he was placed under the command of Lord Rawdon, to whose staff he was afterwards attached, as aide-de-camp. He soon displayed great personal courage and bravery of an uncommon type, "such as" says his biographer, "is seldom found but in romance."

Sir John Doyle, then acting as adjutant-general, related the following anecdote of him. "I was setting out upon a patrol, and sent to apprise Lord Edward; but he was nowhere to be found, and I proceeded without him, when, at the end of two miles, upon emerging from the forest, I found him engaged with *two* of the enemy's irregular horse; he had wounded one of his opponents, when his sword broke in the middle, and he must have soon fallen in the unequal contest, had not his enemies fled on perceiving the head of my column. I rated him most soundly, as you may imagine, for the undisciplined act of leaving the camp at so critical a time, without the general's permission. He was—or pretended to be—very penitent, and compounded for my reporting him at headquarters provided I would let him accompany me in the hope of some other enterprise. It was impossible to refuse the fellow, whose frank, manly, and ingenious manner would have won over even a greater tyrant than myself."

Shortly after the relief of Ninety-Six, Lord Rawdon, in consequence of ill-health, left Carolina for England, and Lord Edward rejoined his regiment (19th) and in a battle that ensued shortly after at Eutaw Springs, he received a desperate wound in the thigh, and remained insensible on the field. He was found by a negro, who took him to his hut, and nursed him with womanly tenderness. This man he afterwards took into his service and was the "faithful Tony" who devoted himself to his master's service to the end of his brief and unfortunate career.

After Cornwallis's army surrendered, Lord Edward went to the West Indies, and joined the staff of General O'Hara. From St. Lucia on March 3rd, 1783, he wrote to his mother:—

My brother wishes me to come home next spring to settle about my estate. I like the idea of going to Aubigny much, and am not like my brother Charles in hating everything French.

He proved that he was not, later on, by choosing a Frenchwoman for his wife. Shortly after that letter was written, he returned to Ireland and was nominated by his brother, the Duke of Leinster, for the borough of Athy.

He seemed to find the next few years of his life tame and insipid, and turned to love as a diversion, the first object of his passion being Lady Catherine Mead, second daughter of the Earl of Clanwilliam. But another beauty effaced the effect of her charms after a while, and this excitable and somewhat fickle young man fell in love with a new fair one. His suit in this case was unsuccessful, and his disappointment is said to have influenced his career in later years. As a change from this romantic love-making he travelled, visiting Gibraltar, Lisbon, Cadiz, Granada, Madrid, etc. In June, 1788, he returned to America, and joined the 54th regiment, then quartered at St. John's. Here he amused himself in an "active, careless" way as the following extracts from his letters home show:—

I have been out hunting and like it very much—it makes me *un peu sauvage* to be sure.

I shall cross rivers and lakes, of which one has no idea in England.

You may guess how eager I am to try if I like the woods in winter as well as in summer. I believe I shall never again be prevailed on to live in a house. Three of the coldest nights we have had yet, I slept in the woods with only one blanket, and was just as comfortable as in a room.

I am to set out in two days for Canada. We make altogether a party of five—Tony, two woodmen, the officer, and myself. Think of starting in February with four feet of snow on the ground!

In 1790 Lord Edward returned to England, leaving finally the country where some say he became imbued with those fatal republican principles which afterwards led him to rebellion, ruin, and death, though I think it is more probable that it was in France he became inflamed with a craze for anarchy, for it was not until 1792 that he avowed decided republican principles. When France declared herself a republic, "Lord Edward, unwilling to lose such a spectacle of moral and political excitement, hastened over to Paris without

communicating his intentions even to the duchess."

"And to that fatal visit," says Maxwell, "his subsequent misfortunes may be traced, through his wild and hasty attachment to French principles.

In the postscript of a letter written to his mother from Paris, October 13th, 1792, he says:—

Let me know if I can do anything for you here. Direct:

Le Citoyen Edouard Fitzgerald,  
Hotel de White, au Passage des Petits,  
Près du Palais Royal.

After *that* his friends were possibly not much surprised when it was announced in the papers of Paris and London that at a meeting at White's Hotel, after several toasts had been proposed and drunk, "Sir Robert Smith and Lord E. Fitzgerald renounced their titles; and a toast proposed by the former was drunk: 'The speedy abolition of all hereditary titles and feudal distinctions.'"

"I dine to-day with Madame de Sillery." This simple sentence was pregnant with events for the writer who penned it so carelessly. Madame de Sillery (the famous Comtesse de Genlis) was the mother of Pamela, the illegitimate daughter of Louis Philippe Egalité, Duke of Orleans, the lady Lord Edward married.

The comtesse had returned only a few days before from England, where she had been living in retirement with her pupil, Mademoiselle d'Orleans and Pamela, who was *then* supposed to be her adopted daughter, and Lord Edward's eagerness to see the latter had been excited by having heard her beauty and wit praised in an extravagant fashion, by other young men of the period. Two or three evenings before he wrote that letter to his mother, he had seen through the *loge grille* next him, at one of the Parisian theatres a lovely face, which made a deep impression on him from the likeness it bore to a lady recently dead for whom he had entertained a warm regard, and on inquiry he found she was closely related to Madame de Genlis, whose acquaintance he had always refused to make, having a dislike to all learned ladies. The daughter's beauty vanquished any scruples he entertained against her mother, a friendship commenced, dating almost from that night when he had first seen her, and soon ripened into love.

The young Irishman was sincere and disinterested, the young lady was attracted by his good looks and pleasant manners,

and about three weeks after, Mademoiselle Sims, as Madame de Genlis called her daughter, became Lady Fitzgerald. The marriage was solemnized at Tournay, and the following is madame's own account of it:—

Nous arrivâmes à Tournay dans les premiers jours de Décembre de cette même année, 1792. Trois semaines après jeus le bonheur de marier ma fille d'adoption, l'angélique Pamela, à Lord Edouard Fitzgerald, fu milieu de tant d'infortunes et d'injustices, le ciel voulut recompenser par cet heureux événement la meilleure action de ma vie, celle d'avoir protégé l'innocence sans appui d'avoir élevé, adopté l'enfant incomparable que la Providence jetoit dans mes bras, enfin d'avoir développé son esprit, sa raison, et les vertus qui la rendent aujourd'hui le modèle des épouses et des mères de son âge.

M. de Chartres, afterwards king of France, was one of the witnesses of the ceremony, and the marriage contract contained some celebrated names: Ferdinand Joseph Dorez, Louis Philippe Egalité,\* Silvestre Mèrys, James Fitzgerald, Duke of Leinster, and "Amelie" Lennox, his duchess, amongst others. Pamela was described as "Citoienne Anne Caroline Stéphanie Sims, âgé de dix-neuf ans environ, demeurante à Paris, connue en France sous le nomme de Pamela, native de Fogodans l'Isle de Terre-Neuve, fille de Guillaume de Brixey et de Mary Sims, assistées de la citoienne Stéphanie Félicité Ducrest Brulart Sillery, connue en dix-sept cent quatre-vingt-six sous le nom de Comtesse de Genlis, autorisée par les deux dépositions passées par devant honorable Guillaume Comte de Mansfield, pair du royaume et grand justicier d'Angleterre, toutes deux en date du vingt-cinq Janvier dixsept cent quatre-vingt-six, d'autre part."

About this time Lord Edward and two or three other officers owing to the publicity given to their festivities at White's Hotel, etc., were dismissed the army, "without any further inquiry, and, so far, no doubt, unjustly and oppressively."

He arrived with his girl-bride, in London, 2nd January, 1793, and wrote the following letter to his mother in response to one from her ratifying her sanction and approval of his marriage, on the same day.

DEAREST MOTHER, —

Thank you a thousand times for your letter; you never obliged me so much, or made me so happy. I cannot tell you how strongly my

little wife feels it; she has sent your letter to Mme. Sillere, whom I knew it would delight. She is to be pitied, for she dotes on Pamela, who returns it most sincerely. What she feels is the only drawback on my happiness. You must love her — she wants to be loved. We shall dine with you the day after to-morrow. We shall not be able to get from the Custom-house time enough to see you to-morrow. Love to all. Tell Ogilvie how much I am obliged to him.

Yours, dearest mother,  
E. F.

The newly married couple stayed three weeks with the Duchess of Leinster, and then went on to Dublin, the session of Parliament having commenced the 1st January.

In an Irish newspaper, date 26th January, 1793, was announced:—

Yesterday morning, arrived the Princess Royal, Captain Brown, from Parkgate, with the Right Honorable Lord Edward Fitzgerald, his lady and suite, and several other persons of quality.

Lord Edward, it would appear, plunged at once into politics after his return to Dublin, and by his headstrong impetuosity got himself into trouble with the government on more than one occasion, all his sympathies being given to his countrymen in the national struggle they were then engaged in.

The government wished to confound the old-established volunteer corps with the new military system emanating from the "United Irishmen," who were organizing armed bands of the people, and endeavored to suppress them, and on the 31st of January, 1794, after an address in Parliament against them, Lord Edward started up, and with great energy of manner exclaimed: "Sir, I give my most hearty disapprobation to this address, for I do think that the lord lieutenant and the majority of this House are the worst subjects the king has." This was followed by cries of "to the bar," and "take down his words," while the House was cleared, and endeavors made to induce the refractory member to apologize. According to Moore, however, "he re-asserted his former obnoxious opinion, saying, 'I am accused of having declared that I think the lord lieutenant and the majority of this House the worst subjects the king has — I said so, 'tis true, and I am sorry for it.'" The House rejected this explanation as "unsatisfactory and insufficient," and the next day he was called to the bar, but does not seem to have apologized even then, and a week later he again bearded the government.

\* Philippe Egalité was guillotined in 1793 by the revolutionists, whose partisan and supporter he had been.



He varied these attacks on the administrators of affairs with writing affectionate letters to his mother, to whom he seems to have been much attached, and gardening. Here are extracts from some of them:—

Pam is going on as well as possible, strong, healthy, and in good spirits. We drive and walk every day. She never thinks of what is to come, I believe, or if she does, it is with great courage; in short, I never saw her, I think, in such good spirits. Seeing her thus makes me so, and I feel happy and look forward with good hope. I must take care of the little young plant that is coming, which will give me great pleasure, I hope.

In the autumn of 1794 his first child was born.

Dublin, October 20th, 1794.

The dear wife and baby go on as well as possible. I think I need not tell you how happy I am; it is a dear little thing, and very pretty now, though at first it was quite the contrary.

Nothing is so delightful as to see it in its dear mother's arms, with her sweet, pale, delicate face, and the pretty looks she gives it.

By the bye, dearest mother, I suppose you won't have any objection to be its godmother, though I own I feel scrupulous, as you were so kind to her about her lying-in clothes; and I do hate taking your poor guineas for such foolish nonsense; but still, I like, as there are such things, that it should be you. Charles Fox and Leinster are to be the godfathers. Pray ask Charles Fox if he has any objection.

My dear wife goes on charmingly, and the little boy thriving. He has Pamela's chin, the eyes blue, but not like either of ours. However, at present one cannot say much, as he does not open them much.

We are to stay here (at Carton) another week, then go to Castletown for a week, and return here for the christening, which is to be on the 8th of next month.

My little place is much improved by the few things I have done, and by all my *planting*—by the bye, I doubt if I told you of my flower-garden—I got a great deal from Frescati. I have been at Kildare since Pam's lying-in, and it looked delightful, though all the leaves were off the trees, but so comfortable and snug. I think I shall pass a delightful winter there. I have paled-in my little flower-garden before my hall door with a lath paling like the cottage, and stuck it full of roses, sweet briar, honeysuckle, and Spanish broom. The little fellow will be a great addition to the party, I think, when I am down there with Pam and child, of a blustering evening, with a good turf fire and a pleasant book, coming in after seeing my poultry put up, my garden settled, the place looking comfortable; and I am sure I shall regret nothing but not being nearer my dearest mother, and

her not being of our party. Love always.  
Your affectionate son,  
E. F.

"In reading," says Moore, "these simple and, to an almost feminine degree, fond letters, it is impossible not to feel how strange and touching is the contrast, those pictures of a happy home which they so unaffectedly exhibit, and that dark and troubled sea of conspiracy and revolt into which the amiable writer of them so soon after plunged; nor can we easily bring ourselves to believe that the joyous tenant of this little lodge, the happy husband and father, dividing the day between his child and his flowers, could be the same man who, but a year or two after, placed himself at the head of rebel myriads, and negotiated on the frontiers of France for an alliance against England, and but seldom laid down his head on his pillow at night without a prospect of being summoned thence to the scaffold or the field."

It *was* extraordinary, and one does wonder that a man of refinement and education, possessing, as Lord Edward did, a charming wife, a dear child, a pretty home, well-born, well-bred, connected with some of the highest in the land, should give up wife, child, home, loyalty, and put himself at the head of a mob of frenzied Irish peasants, who committed the most horrible atrocities on all whom they looked upon as their enemies.

At Prosperous they surprised the soldiers at the barracks, while fast asleep. A fierce conflict ensued, which was put an end to by the rebels lighting a quantity of straw that was in a cellar. The soldiers went to the upper story, but the flames compelled them to choose between being roasted alive, or impaled on the pikes of the mob beneath, and the unfortunate fellows, when they felt the terrible flames scorching and burning them, leapt out on to the upraised and hardly less terrible weapons of their adversaries, who gave forth fiendish yells whenever a poor, half-roasted wretch was impaled.

They piked an old man named Crawford, for the sole cause that, several years before, he had served in the 5th Dragoons, and when his little granddaughter threw herself on him, in a vain attempt to protect him from their murderous blows, they thrust their pikes through and through her, and she instantly expired. They also killed his dog, who attacked these sanguinary monsters and tried to protect his master.

The same night, young Giffard, only seventeen, of the 82nd regiment, was bru-

tally murdered, his body being absolutely perforated with pike wounds.

At Scullabog, they thrust several people into a barn, set fire to it, and let their prisoners roast. One little child managed to squeeze out, under the door, lacerating and bruising its flesh in its desperate endeavors to escape being burned, when a rebel seeing it, stuck his pike through the child, and flung it back into the flames.

A drummer boy, aged twelve, being taken prisoner, was ordered by the rebels to beat the drum. Actuated by a spirit of heroic loyalty, the poor little fellow replied, "That the king's drum should never be beaten for rebels!" and leaping on the head, broke the parchment, whereupon the bloodthirsty monsters instantly stabbed him in twenty different places.

At Wexford, when the town fell into the hands of the insurgents, Thomas Dixon, late commander of a trading vessel, set on foot a great massacre of the prisoners taken. They were brought from the prison, and were led to slaughter in batches, surrounded by a guard of inhuman butchers, yelling like demons, and preceded to the place of execution by a black flag, on which was a white cross, where they were put to death in different horrible ways, the most horrible and principal being by four men at once, who, standing two before and two behind each victim, thrust their pikes into his body and elevated him from the ground, holding him writhing in the air, till all signs of life ceased. Some of these prisoners were slaughtered at the market-house, some at the gaol, but the chief butchery was on the bridge, where this horrible spectacle was witnessed by a multitude of wretches, the chief part of whom were women, who considered it a gratifying sight, and rent the air with shouts of exultation at the arrival of each fresh batch of victims at the fatal spot! This dreadful slaughter commenced at two o'clock in the day and went on until no less than ninety-seven men had been deliberately murdered in cold blood, until, indeed, the news arrived, at seven o'clock in the evening, that the rebel post at Vinegar Hill had been carried by the king's troops. The only charge against these massacred unfortunates that Dixon and his brutal associates could urge was that they were Orangemen.

Such scenes as these were worthy of the French Revolution, and one speculates as to what wheels within wheels could have driven Lord Edward Fitzgerald into the desperate course of leading and sympathizing with such monsters. Not

domestic unhappiness surely, for he and Pamela to the last were "husband-lover and sweetheart-wife." Was it pique and chagrin at being dismissed from the army, or purely republican sentiments and ideas? Who can tell? At any rate, in 1796, he gave himself over body and soul to the cause he had espoused, and joined the Society of United Irishmen, going over with Mr. Arthur O'Connor as agent, to treat with their French allies at Hamburg, and then to Basle, where negotiations were opened with the French Directory. On his return to Hamburg, Lord Edward travelled with a foreign lady, once the mistress of an acquaintance and friend of Mr. Pitt, with whom she still corresponded, and Lord Edward, ignorant, of course, of this fact, spoke very openly of political affairs, affording her some clues to the object of his journey, which she at once transmitted to Pitt's friend.

General Hoche, the conqueror of La Vendée, was appointed to take the command of the expedition to Ireland, and on the 15th of December, a noble armament sailed from Brest, but they encountered adverse winds, and then a tremendous gale, which scattered all and wrecked some of the French war-vessels, so that nothing was left but for them to return to France; only four of the line, two frigates, and one lugger, arriving together at Brest.

Negotiations were again opened between the rebels and the French government, but hope of succor from them was frequently frustrated; still it became clear to Lord Edward and his colleagues that, with or without help from that country, the struggle must soon come. Arthur O'Connor and a priest named Quickly were arrested at Margate on their way to France, on the 28th of February. This arrest greatly disconcerted the rebel leaders, and then one, a Mr. Thomas Reynolds of Kildare, betrayed his associates, and told a friend, Mr. Cope, that the Leinster delegates, on the 12th of March, were to meet at Oliver Bond's house.

The result of this treachery was the arrest of fifteen provincial members by Captain Swan, amongst whom were Emmet, Sampson, Dr. Macneven, Sweetson, and Jackson. Lord Edward and some others escaped, for a time.

Lord Edward sought refuge in the house of a widow lady, who lived on the banks of the canal, the Thursday after the arrests at Bond's, contriving to see his wife and children before he went there, and he remained concealed in safety for a month, though with all the daring courage of an

Irishman, he often exposed himself to the risk of detection by going to see Pamela, who had removed from the Duke of Leinster's to a house in Denzel Street, "with," says Maxwell, "an imprudence not pardonable in a leader on whose personal safety a mighty movement hinged."

He used to walk out at night, for exercise, along the banks of the canal, accompanied by a child and would talk and laugh merrily, as though careless of detection, jumping in and out of the boats in the canal to amuse his little companion.

Mr. Ogilvie hurried over to Dublin to see if he could do anything for his rash and unhappy stepson, and it is on record that Lord Clare said to him, "For God's sake get this young man out of the country—the ports shall be thrown open to you, and no hindrance whatever offered."

Lord Edward, however, proved immovable, declining to fly, and desert the cause he had espoused with such misplaced zeal. His friends, thinking he was no longer safe at the widow's house, men having been seen watching it, he was removed to the house of one Murphy, a Dublin feather merchant, in Thomas Street, where he remained for some days. An enormous reward was offered by the government, and his place of concealment was changed several times, but at last he returned to Murphy's.

At noon the next day a party of soldiers entered the street, halting at the door of Moore, a man who had formerly sheltered him, on which Lord Edward was conveyed through a trap-door to the roof, where he remained for some hours until the alarm subsided, when he came down and had some dinner, a flighty friend, named Neilson, who is supposed to have betrayed him, dining with them. As soon as the meal was finished Neilson hurriedly left the room, and his lordship, going up to his bedroom, took off his coat and lay down on the couch. Mr. Murphy went up to ask his noble guest whether he would have some tea, when the sound of heavy steps was heard on the stairs, and Captain Swan entered the room.

Scarcely had this officer time to mention the object of his visit, when Lord Edward jumped up, as Murphy describes him, "like a tiger," from the bed, on seeing which, Swan fired a small pocket-pistol at him, but without effect, and then, turning round short upon Murphy, from whom he seemed to apprehend an attack, thrust the pistol violently in his face, saying to a soldier, who just then entered, "Take that fellow away." Almost at the same in-

stant Lord Edward struck at Swan with a dagger, which, it now appeared, he had had in the bed with him; and immediately after, Ryan, armed only with a sword-cane, entered the room.

In the mean time Major Sirr, who had stopped below to place pickets round the house, hearing the report of Swan's pistol, hurried up to the landing, and from thence saw, within the room, Lord Edward struggling between Swan and Ryan, the latter down on the floor, weltering in his blood, and both clinging to their powerful adversary, who was now dragging them towards the door. Threatened as he was with a fate similar to that of his companions, Sirr had no alternative but to fire, and, aiming his pistol deliberately, he lodged the contents in Lord Edward's right arm near the shoulder. The wound for a moment staggered him; but, as he again rallied and was pushing towards the door, Major Sirr called up the soldiers; and so desperate was their captive's struggles that they found it necessary to lay their fire-locks across him before he could be disarmed or bound so as to prevent further mischief. A surgeon was at once sent for, and pronounced Lord Edward's wound as not dangerous, to which he calmly replied, "I'm sorry for it." It was found that in the *mille* Ryan had received a mortal stab, while Swan's wounds though numerous were not fatal.

From Thomas Street the unfortunate rebel was taken in a sedan chair to the castle, where papers of a most implicating nature were found on him. After his wound was dressed he was removed to Newgate.

On the 31st of May Captain Ryan died of his wounds, which added greatly to the poignant anguish of mind which Lord Edward was suffering, and though hopes were entertained of his recovery, he died, lingering on to the 1st of June, 1798, after making a will by which he left everything to his wife, Pamela, and their children. On the 2nd he became delirious, and had to have a keeper from a mad-house with him; on the 3rd reason returned, but he was very weak, and on the 4th, at two o'clock in the morning, the spirit of this rash but brave young man departed.

The body was interred in the cemetery of St. Werburgh, after the inquest, in as private a manner as possible, to avoid any exhibition of popular feeling, and his brief career was ended at the age of thirty-five. He appears to have been a very good-looking man. Moore describes him thus: "Though I saw him but this once

his peculiar dress, the elastic lightness of his step, his fresh, healthful complexion, and the soft expression given to his eyes by their long, dark lashes, are as present and familiar to my memory as if I had intimately known him."

From a picture I have seen of Lord Edward, his eyes, indeed, must have been peculiarly beautiful, and his expression winning and amiable. His face was rather round, with a longish nose and pouting lips, while his brows were dark and well defined, and his hair glossy and abundant.

Though he was careful to make his will before dying, he had little to leave his wife and children. His fortune had been squandered in supporting the rebellion, and urged by poverty, shortly after his death, his beloved Pamela went to Hamburg, as living was cheap there, and it was in that city she met Mr. Pitcairn, the American consul, whom she afterwards married, and from whom she soon separated, this second marriage being anything save a happy one.

She died, almost in want of common necessities, in 1831, thirty-three years after the death of Lord Edward. When I was at Plas Newydd, two or three years ago, the late owner showed me some carved apes over the mantelpiece in the bedroom which had been Lady Eleanor Butler's, supposed to be presents from Lord Edward Fitzgerald, apes, with the motto *Crom a Boo* being the crest and supporters in the armorial bearings of the house of Leinster. I was also shown a window, canopied with beautiful carved oak, called the garden window, through which it is said he escaped, when he paid his last visit to Plas Newydd, after he had escaped being arrested in Dublin in 1798. The story runs that he walked over the hills from Brynkinalt (Lord Dungannon's seat near Chirk) to see the ladies of Llangollen, who were then quite unconscious of the terrible fact that a thousand pounds was offered by the crown for his arrest at that time. He thought he was watched, fancying he saw a shadow pass the front window of the library, and so fled precipitately through the little narrow garden window.

This story may be true, but it seems to me, after a careful study of all accounts published at the time, that this unfortunate young nobleman never left Ireland after the 12th of March, when the provincial Leinster delegates were arrested at Oliver Bond's house, and a price set on his head, but remained hiding in the widow's house,

at Murphy's, and other places in or near Dublin, until he was shot, arrested, and conveyed to Newgate, to languish there in agony of mind and body, until death mercifully released him from all earthly troubles.

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From The Gentleman's Magazine.  
THE JOURNAL OF RICHARD BERE.\*

IN the course of a search amongst the Sloane MSS. at the British Museum for a document of an entirely different character recently, I chanced upon a manuscript which so far as I have been able to discover has never yet been described in print or received the attention it appears to deserve. It is a long, narrow, book like an account book, in the Sloane binding, containing two hundred and forty-four pages of closely cramped and crowded little writing in faded ink on rough paper, recording the daily — almost hourly — movements of a man for eleven years, from the 1st of January, 1692–3, to the middle of April, 1704. It is written in Spanish, Englishman's Spanish, full of solecisms and English idioms, but fair and fluent Castilian for all that, and the diarist, thinking no doubt his secrets were safe in a language so little known at the time, has set down for his own satisfaction alone, and often in words that no amount of editing would render fit for publication, the daily life of one of the dissolute men about town, who roistered and ruffled in the coffee houses and taverns of London at the end of the seventeenth century. Few men could hope to possess the keen observation and diverting style of Samuel Pepys, or the sober judgment and foresight of stately John Evelyn, and this last contemporary diarist of theirs certainly cannot lay claim to any such qualities. He rarely records an impression or an opinion, and as a rule confines himself to a bald statement of his own movements and the people he meets day by day; but still, even such as it is, the diary is full of quaint and curious suggestions of the intimate life of a London widely different from ours. The familiar names of the streets, nay, the very signs of the taverns, are the same now as then, but in every line of the fading brown ink may be gathered hints of the vast chasm that separates the busy, crowded life of to-day from the loitering deliberation with which

\* Sloane MS., 3727, British Museum.

these beaux in swords and high-piled periwigs sauntered through their tavern-haunting existence. It strikes the imagination, too, to think that the man who thus sets down so coarsely and frankly the acts of his life must have listened, with however little appreciation, to the luminous talk of wondrous John Dryden at Will's coffee house, most certainly knew the rising Mr. Addison, and probably met Matthew Prior at his old home at the Rummer tavern, which the diarist frequented.

There is nothing in the manuscript directly to identify the writer, and probably the indirect clues furnished by references to his relatives have never before been followed up to prove exactly who the author was. The task has not been an easy one, and has started me on more than one false scent ending in a check, but at last I stumbled on evidence that not only absolutely identified the diarist, but also explained many obscure passages in the manuscript.

From the first page to the last the writer refers to Danes Court, near Deal, as the home of his brother, and he himself passes the intervals of his dissolute life in London in visits to his Kentish kinsman. Now Danes Court had been for centuries in the possession of the ancient family of Fogge, and I at once concluded that the writer of my diary was a younger member of the house. Indeed, encouraged therein by Hasted, the great authority on Kentish history, I went so far as to establish to my own entire satisfaction that the diarist was a certain Captain Christopher Fogge, R.N., who died in 1708, and was buried in Rochester Cathedral, and I was confirmed in this belief by the fact that the wind and weather of each day is carefully recorded as in a sailor's log-book. But somehow it did not fit in. Constant reference is made to a brother Francis, and no amount of patient investigation in county genealogies and baptismal certificates could unearth any one named Francis Fogge. So I had to hark back and try another clue. Brother Francis was evidently a clergyman and a graduate of King's College, Cambridge, and towards the end of the diary the author visits him at the village of Prescott, near Liverpool.

Sure enough the rich living of Prescott was in the gift of King's College, Cambridge, and further inquiry soon showed that a certain Francis Bere, M.A., was rector from 1700 until his death in 1722. This, of itself, was not much, but it led to further clues, which proved the monu-

mental Hasted (History of Kent) to be hopelessly wrong about the Fogge pedigree and the ownership of Danes Court, and the whole question was settled more completely than I could have hoped by the discovery, in the "Transactions of the Kent Archæological Society for 1863," of a copy of the copious memoranda in the old family Bible, written by the stout cavalier, Richard Fogge, and his son John, with the notes attached thereto by Warren, the Kentish antiquary, in 1711, in which the family history is made clear. This was good as far as it went, and proved the surname and parentage of the author of the diary, but did not identify him personally. Certain references in the manuscript, however, sent me searching amongst the Treasury papers in the Record Office, and there I found a set of papers written in the same cramped, finicking hand as the diary, which set my mind at rest, and proved beyond doubt or question who was the methodical rake that indiscreetly confided the secret of his "goings on" to the incomplete oblivion of the Spanish tongue. The writer of the diary was one Richard Bere, whose father was rector of Ickenham, near Uxbridge, and who was born at Cowley, near there, on the 28th of August, 1653. His sister Elizabeth had married, in 1679, John Fogge, who subsequently succeeded to the Danes Court estate, and on the fly leaf of the Fogge family Bible referred to, John Fogge, who was evidently proud of the connection, sets forth that his wife's grandfather had been "Receiver General of ye Low Countries; her uncles, one of them was in a noble employ in ye C Clarke's office, ye other being one of ye clarkes of ye signet to King Charles II., a man acquainted with all Xtian languages. Ye other now alive is rector of Bendropp in Gloucestershire, who has an Estate. Her mother was one of ye family of Bland, of London, eminent merchants at Home and Abroad." Richard Bere was born only a year after his sister, so that the statement as to her relatives will hold good for him also. He had been collector of customs at Carlisle, but apparently had allowed his Jacobite leanings to be too evident, and had been dismissed from his office a short time before he began the diary, leaving his accounts at Carlisle still unbalanced and in arrear. How he learnt Spanish I do not know, but he had evidently been in Spain before his appointment to Carlisle, probably in the navy, or in some way connected with shipping, as in addition to the careful noting of the



wind and weather all through the diary, he shows great interest in the naval events of his time. His uncle's remarkable proficiency in "all Xtian languages" may also perhaps partly explain his own knowledge of the Spanish language. His family in old times had been a wealthy and powerful one, seated at Gravesend, Dartford, and Greenhithe in Kent, but had lost its county importance long before the date of the diary. The widow of one of his uncles, however, still lived at Gravesend at the time he wrote, and one of his father's sisters, who had married a man named Childs, also lived in the neighborhood, and on her husband's death went to live with her niece at Danes Court.

The diary commences on the 1st of January, 1692-3, when Bere was living at Mr. Downe's in London; but the detailed entries begin on the 9th of the month, when he went by tilboat from Billingsgate to Gravesend. Here, after visiting his aunt Bere and his kinsman Childs at Northfleet, he slept at the inn, and started the next morning in a coach to Canterbury. The next day he continued his journey to Danes Court on a hired mare, and then after a few days' rest, "without seeing anybody," begins a round of visits and carouses with the neighboring gentry. All the squires and their families for miles round march through the pages of the diary. Mr. Paramour, of Stratenborough, Mr. Boys, of Betshanger, "my uncle Boys," who was probably Christopher Boys, of Updowne, uncle by marriage to John Fogge, "my uncle Pewry," who was rector of Knowlton, but whose relationship with the diarist is not clearly discoverable, Mr. Burville, rector of the Fogge church of Tilmanston, and a host of other neighbors come and go, dine and drink, often staying the night, and in a day or two entertain John Fogge and his brother-in-law in return. The latter records the fact, but unfortunately does no more, and little is gathered of the manner of their lives at this period of the diary, except that they did a prodigious deal of visiting and dining at each others' houses. One of the most constant visitors to Danes Court is the aged Lady Monins, of Waldershare Park, the widow of the last baronet of the name; and Richard Bere appears to be as often her guest at Waldershare. The round of dining and visiting is broken in upon by a visit on horseback with brother John Fogge to the assizes at Maidstone, where the latter has a lawsuit which he loses, and Richard returns to Danes Court alone, leaving his defeated brother at Can-

terbury. On the 12th of April the diarist records that he first saw the swallows; and on the 20th, as instancing the uneventful life in this remote part of the country, it is considered worth while to register the fact that "whilst I was digging in the garden with Carlton a man passed on horseback." A few days afterwards neighbor Carlton's daughter is married, and then "my nephew Richard was first sent to school at Sandwich, Timothy Thomas being master." Richard, the heir of Danes Court, was about twelve years old at the time, and, as we shall see later on, turned out badly and completed the ruin of the fine old family, of which he was the last male representative in the direct line. Timothy Thomas, who was a distinguished scholar and M.A. of Sidney-Sussex College, Cambridge, was head master of the Sandwich Free School and brother to the rector of St. Paul and St. Mary, Sandwich. He seems to have been always ready for a carouse at the hostelry of the Three Kings at Sandwich or elsewhere, with the father or uncle of his pupil.

On the 28th of April "the fleet entered the Downs, the wind blowing a gale at the time. A ship called the Windsor was lost. I to Deal to see the ships, and saw five ensigns." Small details of ablutions—rare enough they seem nowadays—bed-warming, and quaint remedies for trifling ailments sound queerly enough to us coming faintly across the gloom of two centuries, but in the midst of the chronicle of this small beer of visits paid and received, of the stomach-ache and so on, brother John receives a writ, and we feel that we are witnesses of the process by which all this feasting and revelry is completing the ruin of the grand old family that once owned broad lands and fat manors all over Kent, which founded hospitals and colleges and was closely allied to the regal Plantagenets, but whose possessions had even now shrunk to one poor mansion house of Danes Court and the few farms around it. John Fogge's father Richard, whose pompous Latin epitaph is still in Tilmanston Church, written by his eldest son Edward, and scoffed at in the family Bible by the degenerate John, had been true to the king's side during the civil war. His near neighbor, Sir John Boys of Betshanger, had hunted and harried the cavalier and sacked his house after the mad Kentish rising of 1648, and had frightened his favorite child to death; and for the whole of the Commonwealth period poor Richard had been plundered and well-nigh ruined. His sons Edward

and John had been captured at sea by the Dutch, and Christopher had been taken prisoner by the Turks, and all three had had to be bought off with ransom. Stout old Richard Fogge therefore had left Danes Court sadly embarrassed at his death in 1680. His eldest son Edward died soon after, and John Fogge, the brother-in-law of our diarist, was rapidly continuing the ruin at the date of the diary. By the 30th of May Richard Bere had had enough of Danes Court, and started to Canterbury "with my brother's horse and servant, and so to Northfleet, where I visited my kinsman Childs." He mounted his horse at five o'clock in the morning, and arrived at Northfleet at five in the evening, staying on the way only a short time at Canterbury to rest and drink with friend Best, at whose house he always alights when he passes through the ancient city. The distance by road is a good fifty-five miles, so Richard no doubt thought he had earned his night's rest at uncle Childs's before starting, as he did next day, by tilboat to London. The first thing he did when he arrived was to "drink with Higgs," and send for Benson to meet him at Phillips's mug-house. Benson appears to have been a humble friend or foster-brother, as Bere calls Benson's father "my father Benson," who went on all his errands, pawned his valuables, and faced his creditors. When Benson came they started out together and took a room, where they both slept, "at the sign of the Crown, an inn in Holborne," and the record thereafter for some time consists mainly of such entries as "Dined with Sindry at the Crown, and drank with him all the afternoon and evening at Phillips's. Slept at Mrs. Ward's." "Dined with Dr. Stockton, Haddock, and Simpson at the Pindar of Wakefield." "Dined at the sign of the Castle, a tavern in Wood Street, with many friends from the North; drank there all the afternoon, and all night drinking with usual friends at Phillips's," only that these daily entries usually wind up with the record of a debauch which need not be described, but which Richard does not hesitate to set down in such cold blood as his orgie has left him.

He appears to have had as a friend one Westmacott, who was a prison official, and a standing amusement was apparently to go to see the prisoners, who sometimes fall foul of Westmacott and his friend and abuse them. Richard also has a quaint way of drawing a miniature gallows in the margin of his manuscript on the days that he records the execution of malefactors.

On the 15th of June, for instance, after giving his usual list of friends and taverns, he writes: "Seven men hanged to-day; fine and warm. Drinking at Phillips's at night; Westmacott there again." A day or two afterwards the bailiffs walk in during his dinner at the tavern and hale his boon companion, Pearce, off to jail; but Richard thinks little of it, for he goes off to drink straightway with Colonel Legge, and then passes a merry evening with Dr. Stockton and Mr. Rolfe at the sign of the Ship, near Charing Cross.

On the 29th of June, "a new sword-belt, some woollen hose, and rosette for my hat," were bought; and soon after he leaves his lodgings at Mrs. Ward's, and thenceforward seems to sleep in taverns or inns for some time, very often winding up the entries in the diary by confessing that he was "drunk," or "very drunk."

On the 18th of July he visits "the house of the Princess of Denmark with Mr. Wooton," and thence goes to see a fashionable friend of his called Captain Orfeur, who had a fine house at Spring Gardens, where he meets his brother, and they all make a night of it at the Ship. By the beginning of August it is not surprising that he is ill, and decides to visit his brother Francis in the country. On the 3rd he takes horse to Biggleswade and thence to Oundle, "where I met my brother and Mr. Rosewell" (he was a fellow of King's, and apparently a great friend of Francis Bere's). "Dined at Caldwell's, and slept at the sign of the Dog."

He stays at the Dog at Oundle for some days, still ill, and visits Northampton, where he is struck with the curious church, town hall, prison, and courts of justice, and slept at the George. From there he rides to the Angel at Wellingboro', and so home to London by Dunstable, where he stays at the Saracen's Head, Watford, Rickmansworth, and Uxbridge, where he puts up at the Swan. Being now well again, he recommences the old round of the Horns, the Red Cow, the Mermaid, the Crown, and so on, usually winding up with a roaring carouse at Phillips's, and occasionally relieved by trips to Islington-wells to walk in the fields with friend Stourton, who lives near there, and who later on becomes his inseparable companion. To illustrate the methodical character of this roistering blade, it is curious to note that as he could not well carry his cumbersome diary with him on his journey to Oundle, he has made his daily entries on a small loose leaf, and has afterwards carefully transcribed them in the book,

the loose leaf, however, being also bound up with the rest. On the reverse side, in English, Richard has copied the following couplet of Lord Thomond's, which seems to have struck him:—

Whatever Traveller doth wicked ways intend,  
The Devill entertaines him at his journey's end;

and to this he adds several little remedies which some travelling companion seems to have told him on the road. He scrupulously records the fact that the day is his birthday on each succeeding 28th of August, and the occasion appears to be an excuse for a burst of deeper drinking than ever; but on this first birthday mentioned in the diary, 1693, he is evidently getting hard up. He lodges with a man named Nelson, who ceaselessly duns him for his rent, and we soon learn that the faithful Benson has pawned his two rings for eighteen shillings. On the 27th September his friend Dr. Stockton tells him "that Mr. Addison told him that I lost my place because I was against the government, and was foolish enough to talk about it, which," says indignant Richard, "is a lie."

It sounds curious nowadays to read that he and his friends, Westmacott and others, sometimes walk out in the fields to shoot with bows and arrows, and usually return thence to the Hole-in-the-Wall to pass the evening.

As a specimen of the entries at this period, I transcribe that for the 30th of September, 1693, at least so much of it as can well be published. "With Metham and Stourton to the City, and dined at the Ship in Birch Lane. Vickers there, and we went together to the Exchange and met Mr. Howard; with him to the Fountain, Mr. Coxum there. At five o'clock went to Sir James Edwards's, and drank there two flasks of wine. Then to the King's Head, where I left them and went to Mr. Pearce's house, and received ten pounds. Found Stourton very drunk. Went and paid Jackson and Squires. Slept at Pearce's—drunk myself."

With the ten pounds received from Mr. Pearce Richard seems to have set about renewing his wardrobe, and duly records the days upon which his various new garments are worn. On the 26th of October "Aspin, the tailor, brought my new white breeches in the morning, and we went to drink at the Bull's Head in Mart Lane." On the 2nd of November he recites the names of six taverns at which he drank during the day, namely the Bull's Head, the Red Cow, the Ship, the Horns, the

Cheshire Cheese, and the Crown, and on the 7th of the same month a dreadful thing happens to him. The constables walk off his dulcinea, Miss Nichols, to jail, and Richard is left to seek such consolation as he can find at the Chequers, the Three Cranes, and the Sugar Loaf. The next day he seeks out his friend Westmacott at the King's Head, and is taken to the prison to see the incarcerated fair one. Whilst there, he "meets the man who has done the mischief." But he winds up at the Sugar Loaf, in Whitefriars, and Phillips's mug-house, and is carried home thence in a coach too much overcome by his grief and potations to walk. On the 14th, after several more visits to the prison, he bewails that he can do nothing for Nichols, and on visiting a Mrs. Hill, that kind matron tells him that his great friend, Dr. Stockton, had told her that "I had squandered all I had over a worthless wench, and thought now to live at the expense of my friends;" but the entry, unfortunately, winds up with the words: "Borrowed two pounds of Simons on my watch." After this, Richard thinks that quiet Danes Court might suit him for a time, and starts the next day, the 15th of November, as before to Gravesend by the tilboat, and after a duty visit to his relatives, stays two nights at the sign of the Flushing, and dines there merrily with "a clergyman named Sell and another good fellow from the North." The same companions and others go with him in the coach to Canterbury, where he stays at the Fleece, gets gloriously drunk, and is cheated out of half-a-crown; and lies in bed until midday next morning, his niece, Jane Fogge, who lived with the Bests at Canterbury, coming to visit him before he was up. In the afternoon he continues his road more soberly to Danes Court on a hired horse, and the old round of visiting and feasting begins afresh. On the 1st of December he meets parson Burville, of Tilmaston, and drinks Canary wine till he is drunk. On the 12th Captain Christopher Fogge meets his brother John at a friend's house, and they quarrel; uncle Childs dies, the cat is drowned in the well, three East-Indiamen captains dine at Danes Court, Ruggles's wife is confined, and the daily small events of a remote village happen and are recorded much as they might happen to-day. Uncle Boys had a kinsman, presumably a brother, Captain Boys, R.N., who was constable of Walmer Castle, where he lived, and Richard and his friends often go there to dine and visit the ships in the

Downs. On the 26th of February, 1694, they all go to dinner on board the Cornwall, and "they give us a salute of seven guns." They all went back to the castle to sleep, and John Fogge made a bargain with his weak-witted younger brother William about Danes Court, presumably with regard to his reversionary interest or charge upon the property. But whatever it was, it did not matter much, for William Fogge died soon after. On the 25th of March, after going to Betshanger church and to the rectory to see Thomas Boys, "Ruggles threw a poor boy out of the cart and seriously injured him," and on the next day a curt entry says: "The poor lad died at nine o'clock this morning, and was buried in the evening," but not a word about any inquiry or the punishment of the offending Ruggles.

But after five months Richard sighs again for the taverns of Fleet Street, and on the 4th of April, 1694, returns to London by the usual road by Canterbury and Gravesend, and again haunts the taverns and night-houses of the metropolis. He tries hard to borrow money from his friends, and is evidently getting anxious about his customs accounts left in arrear at Carlisle. He is a pretty constant visitor to Whitehall about a certain petition of his, which petition, although he often mentions it in his diary, he of course does not describe or explain in a document written for his own eye alone. I have, however, been fortunate enough to find the actual document itself in the Treasury papers at the Record Office, with all the voluminous reports and consultations founded upon it during the seven years it lingered in the government offices. It appears that in August, 1689, the Earl of Shrewsbury, secretary of state, had addressed a letter (the original of which is attached to Richard Bere's petition) to the mayor or collector of customs of Carlisle, directing them to provide for the maintenance of certain "papist Irish soldier prisoners" who were to be kept in the castle there. The mayor refused to find the money, and Richard Bere, as collector of customs, had to do so, expecting to be reimbursed out of the secret service fund as provided by the secretary of state. The prisoners were kept at Carlisle until December, 1690, and Richard spent £74 4s. on their maintenance. He was soon after suddenly dismissed from his post, and was unable to balance his accounts for want of this money, and shortly before beginning the diary had presented his petition to the lords of the treasury for

the reimbursement of the sum, or at least that it should be handed to the receiver-general of customs on his account. But whilst the petition was lying in the pigeon-holes in one office, another office was only conscious that Richard was behindhand in his accounts, and on the 11th of May, 1694, there is an entry as follows in the diary: "Alone to dine at the Spotted Bull. Then to Phillips's, where one Pettitt told me about the tolls of Carlisle, and said that the bailiffs from Appleby had a warrant to arrest me." Richard did not wait long for the bailiffs, and in less than a week had signed and sealed a bond, apparently for borrowed money to settle his toll accounts, bought a horse and a Bible, had gone to Westminster Hall "about his brother's affairs," and started off for Carlisle. He rode through Oundle, where the Rev. Francis Bere appeared to be living, and so by Stamford, Grantham, Newark, Doncaster, Ferrybridge, and Appleby to Carlisle. Two days before he arrived at the city some choice spirits came out to meet him, and a host of friends received him with open arms after his ten days' ride. He dines fourteen times with Dick Jackson, drinks often and deeply with the mayor of Carlisle, collects money owing to him, buys a fine new periwig of Ned Haines, and a new sword, settles up his accounts of tolls, and begs a holiday for the schoolboys, whom he treats all round, and winds up in a burst of jubilation by receiving a present of two kegs of brandy from his friend Bell, which had not paid much to the king probably, and of which, no doubt, the late collector and his jovial companions gave a very good account. And then, after a six weeks' stay at Carlisle, he wends his way back to London again by the same road, his horse falling lame at Stamford, and the rider having to post from Grantham to Ware, and thence to London by coach. He alights at the Bell, in Bishopsgate Street, where Benson soon seeks him with fresh clothes and a sedan-chair, and takes him to his old quarter of London again.

But poor Richard's prosperity is of short duration. The borrowed money soon comes to an end, with the able and constant assistance of a certain Catherine Wilson, who has now supplanted the vanished Nichols, and by the beginning of September (1694) Benson is taking one article after the other to the pawnshop, and bringing back sums which Richard regards as very unsatisfactory in amount. On the 6th of that month he attends what must have been rather a curious marriage



at the church of St. George's, Bloomsbury, where one of Catherine Wilson's companions named Early was married "to a young man named James Carlile, between nine and ten in the morning." The whole of the party adjourn to the fields, and at one o'clock return to drink at the Feathers in Holborn, "but the knavish constables disturbed us and we went to Whitefriars; at two I went to seek Benson, but he could only bring me 5s. on my pistols." With this sum Richard finds his way back to Whitefriars, where he remained drinking till evening with the "newly married pair, Catherine Wilson, a gentleman and his wife, and a marine." He then attends a coffee-house, and winds up with a carouse at the Rising Sun. The unfortunate bridegroom soon disappears from the diary, but the "bride" takes part in the drinking bouts for some time to come. By the middle of October Richard has apparently come to the end of his tether, and, after borrowing a half-crown on his knives, quarrels and separates for a time from Catherine Wilson; but brother Francis and sister Fogge are appealed to for money, and when it arrives Catherine is to the fore again. A great scheme is hatched about this time with a Captain Sales and Mr. Butler, apparently relating to the tobacco duties, and the commissioners of customs and other officials are being constantly petitioned and visited. Sometimes the tobacco business is considered hopeful, and sometimes the contrary, but on the 7th of January, 1695, it looks very bright when the lords of the treasury and the commissioners of customs sitting together at Whitehall receive Richard and his two friends, who lay the case before them, but "Mr. Culliford spoke against us," and nothing was decided; so the trio and others who joined them go to the Rummer tavern at Charing Cross, and drink confusion to Mr. Culliford. A day or two days after this "a knave came to betray me to the bailiffs," and poor Richard and his friend Sales seek the shady retreat of a tavern in Fulwood's Rents. For the next few days he dodges the bailiffs from tavern to tavern, and sleeps at Bell Court, Whitefriars, and elsewhere. The "knavish bailiffs" even follow friend Sales in the hope of tracking Richard. On the 14th of January the faithful Benson brings his clothes to the new lodging in Whitefriars, and Richard ventures out "to the Anchor in Coleman Street, about the business of Andrew Lloyd and the widow. Then the St. John the Baptist's Head in Milk Street, where

I found Butler meeting the citizens about the tobacco business." A few days after, the business of "Andrew Lloyd and the widow" is settled somehow at the Mermaid in Ram Alley, and on the 26th Benson pawns all Richard's silver for £5 7s., and Richard slips out of Whitefriars at night, sleeps at the Star, and escapes to the quiet of Danes Court, where the bailiffs cease from troubling and the spendthrift is at rest.

On the 2nd of February, 1695, scapegrace little nephew Dick Fogge comes home with a story that the small-pox had appeared at the school at Sandwich, "but it is all a lie," and the youngster is led back ignominiously the next day by his father and Tim Thomas the schoolmaster, and when John Fogge returns to Danes Court, he brings news that the French are capturing English boats in the Channel. Richard is still uneasy in his mind, for on the 15th of February he dreams that the bailiffs have caught him at last, and soon afterwards begins seriously to put his Customs accounts in order. Then early in April he starts for London again, but as soon as he was on board the tilboat at Gravesend he caught sight of a bailiff ashore seeking him. It takes four hours to reach London, and the city is in a turmoil, for during the night "the mob knocked down a house in Holborn." He takes a room at the Green Dragon for a day or two, and the next night the mob burn down two houses in the Coal Yard, Drury Lane. A false friend named Fowler accompanies him in his search for lodgings, which he eventually takes at the house of a cheesemonger named Tilley in Fetter Lane, and also goes with him to the Custom House "about my accounts," and then on the 13th of April, after carousing with him half the day, "the hound betrayed me to the bailiffs," and poor Richard is caught at last. He is at once haled off to a spunging-house, called the King's Head, in Wood Street, and the first thing the prisoner does is, of course, to send for Benson, who comes with Sales and other friends, and they have a jovial dinner of veal with the keeper. The next day Benson brings some money, and Richard holds a perfect *levée* of friends. Some of them go off to soften the creditors, in which they fail, and others to apply for a writ of *habeas corpus*. A good deal of dining goes on at the spunging-house, but on the 16th the carouse is cut short by the removal of Richard to the Fleet. He has a good deal of liberty, however, for he still occasionally haunts



the taverns in Fleet Street, probably under the ward of a keeper. Brother Francis is appealed to daily by letter, and pending his reply all the old boon companions come in and out of the prison, dine there, drink there, and get drunk in the vaults, Benson and Catherine Wilson coming every day with clothes, books, and comfort. At the end of the month of May the parson brother, Francis, arrives, and after a month of negotiation at the Custom House and the law courts, and much drinking and dining as usual, a bond is signed and sealed at the Three Tuns tavern, "Sales standing my friend," and Richard Bere is free again.

But imprudent Richard, after a sharp fit of the gout, soon falls into his old habits again, and on the 6th of September confesses that he got into a row at the Dog tavern in Drury Lane "about drinking the Prince of Wales's health," an indiscreet thing enough considering that his Custom House accounts were still unsettled, and his own petition to the Treasury unanswered. On the 1st of July, whilst he and his friend Sales are dining at the Crown, the constables walk Sales off to prison, "and then go to the Globe tavern and arrest his landlady, and Andrew Lloyd the author." And so the diary goes on; his accounts still unpaid, but Richard full of the tobacco business, with petitions to the king and interviews with Treasury officials. Then there is some great Irish wool scheme, which necessitates much dancing attendance on the Duke of Ormond, but does not seem to result in much. His boon companions evidently do not think much of his chance of recovering anything from the Treasury, for "they made me promise B. Skynner a new wig if ever I received my £74 4s. on the king's order."

However much Richard may drink, he is frugal enough in his eating, for from this period to the end of the diary he constantly records that for days together he has eaten nothing but a little bread and cheese, and the "one poor halfpennyworth of bread to all this intolerable amount of sack," is as applicable to Richard Bere as it was to the fat knight. And he needs to be sparing in his expenditure, for he is poor enough just now, notwithstanding his drinkings with the Duke of Richmond's steward, with Stourton at the Rose in Pall Mall, and his visits to Lord James Howard in Oxenden Street, for he is reduced to pawning his new lace ruffles for six shillings, and Benson could borrow nothing on his new wig, for which he had just

paid (or not paid) 35s. to Rolfe, the barber. But Benson pawns his linen for 10s., and brother Francis sends funds, so after borrowing nine shillings and sixpence on "my Bezoar stone," and going to the Temple to receive "my pension," Richard starts on the 1st of September, 1696, by hoy for Sandwich. The voyage is long and tedious, the weather being bad, but after a day and a night at sea they drop anchor, and Richard solaces himself with punch and good fellowship at the Three Kings at Sandwich.

On his arrival at Danes Court "John gives me a bad account of my nephew Richard, who went back to school to-day." But John certainly does not set his son a good example, for he soon breaks out himself, and on the 21st of October, "after dining with my aunt," threatens to cut his wife's throat. For months after this the diary constantly records that "John came home raving drunk;" "John from Sandwich to-day, very violent;" "John mad drunk all day;" "To Tilmanston church twice, John there raving drunk," and so on. On Christmas day, 1696, Richard, who as befits a parson's son, is all through an indefatigable church-goer, takes the sacrament at Tilmanston church, as he generally does on special days, John through all the Christmastide remaining drunk as usual. On the 18th of January, 1697, he gives his wife a black eye, and the next day it is Richard's turn, and he goes on a great drinking bout with Captain Whiston, and "got drunk and lost my white mare," whereupon the immaculate "John is very angry with me." On the 10th of February nephew Richard runs away from school again, and gets soundly whipped by his father, who remains drunk all the month. On the 15th of March tidings come to Danes Court that the master has been lodged in Dover jail, and his wife and her brother start off next morning to find him. He has escaped somehow, and gets back to Danes Court mad drunk just as his household are returning from afternoon service at Tilmanston church. This goes on all March, and on the 26th John borrows money from an attorney, named Lynch, and seals a bond at Danes Court conveying all his goods to the lender as security, "being rabid drunk at the time." A few days afterwards "the bailiffs nearly took John, but he escaped by the quickness of his mare." Echoes of more important events occasionally reach Danes Court. On the 6th of April, 1692, news comes that the French have taken Jamaica, and that they have captured a merchant

fleet and convoys off Bilbao. Soon after we hear of "French pirates infesting the Downs, and they had taken two of our ships," but the domestic troubles of the old Kentish manor house occupy most of the diary at this period; incorrigible young Richard runs away from school again and cannot be found for days; with some difficulty drunken John's accounts with Hill and Dilnot, of Sandwich, are arranged, but on the 24th of April he is lodged in jail at Canterbury on another suit, and is only released by more borrowing from Lynch, and at once goes back to his drunken career again. An entry on the 29th of April, 1697, gives another inkling of Richard's Jacobite leanings. "Walking to Eythorne I met Pettitt the parson and Captain March. We drank together and went to Walker's, where a Mr. Kelly defended the bad opinion that it was lawful for people to rise against the king if he violated his coronation oath."

All through May John continued drunk, and one day falling foul of his brother-in-law, calls him a scurvy knave, and threatens to kick him out of his house. So Richard, having worn out his welcome at Danes Court, starts for town again, taking with him nephew Dick, who has just run away from school once more for the last time.

He lodges henceforward at Stokes's in Short's Gardens, and pays ten shillings a month for his room. Every morning two or three taverns are visited with Stourton, Churchill, and others, where unfortunately they are sometimes imprudent enough to drink deep to the health of King James. Metheglin and mum are occasional drinks, but brandy the most usual, and black puddings seem a favorite dish for dinner. On the 19th of October, 1697, peace is proclaimed with France, and on the 16th of the following month the king enters the city in state, and on the 2nd of December the peace rejoicings were crowned by a great display of fireworks, and a banquet given by the Earl of Romney to the king. Richard's petition after five years' waiting is favorably reported upon by the commissioners of customs, and during all the winter he haunts Whitehall and the ante-room of Lord Coningsby to get the recommendation carried out by the Treasury. But one obstacle after the other is raised, the papers are sent backwards and forwards, and it is fully two years longer before Richard at last receives his money. On the 2nd of December, 1697, he records the

consecration of St. Paul's, and on the 15th of February, 1698, he attends his first service in the Cathedral, "from thence to the Temple Church, and so to the Trumpet, where I supped on black puddings and cheese. Home at eight, when my landlady besought me to pay the rent." On the 18th of April he sees Prince George, and on the 16th of May visits the ship *Providence* from New England, and thence to the Dolphin tavern until three in the morning. On the 9th of June, apparently fired by the example of some of the wits he meets in the coffee houses of Covent Garden, or in his favorite promenade at Gray's Inn Gardens, he records the fact that he wrote some satirical verses. The next day a fine new suit of clothes comes home, and he dons them with great pride. But alas! a sad thing happens. Drinking at the Sun with his friends, some of the latter "threw some beer over my fine garments," much to Richard's disgust. The quaint little gal-lowses on the margin are pretty frequent now, and the names of the wretches who are hanged are often given. On the 29th of June, 1698, Richard visits the Duke of Norfolk at St. James's House with his friends Stourton and Orfeur. "Thence to St. James's Park, to see a race between two youths, where I met Churchill."

Richard becomes certainly more respectable as he gets older, and beyond a slight flirtation with his landlady, Mrs. Stokes, of Short's Gardens, we hear little of his gallantries henceforward. He is certainly more prosperous, too, in some mysterious way, owing to a voyage he makes, apparently in an official capacity, from Gosport to Flanders, for which a sum of ninety-five guineas is handed to him. He says nothing of his adventures in Flanders, where, however, he only lands at Ostend for a few days from his ship the *Good Hope*. The voyage, however, is evidently an important one for him, as he has spoken of it on and off for many months, and takes a special journey to Cambridge to see brother Francis before setting out. On the 19th of October, 1698, he anchors in Dover Roads on his return, and goes thence to Danes Court, where he stays over Christmas, and returns to London in January, 1699. His friend Churchill has now taken the Treasury matter in hand, and after many months of hope deferred Richard Bere gets his £74 4s. at last in October. But Churchill wanted paying, and on the morrow of the payment "Churchill came to me drunk, and quarrelled with me because

I would not give him the money he wanted." I suspect the money was all spent long ago, for Richard has often enough gone into the city to borrow five or ten pounds "on the king's order." He is very methodical about money matters, too, for all his apparent improvidence. He has a boon companion named Henry Johnson, who during the autumn and winter of 1699 drank mainly at his expense. Every penny thus spent is noted against the date in the diary, and a neat account of the whole, headed "Expenditure on account of Henry Johnson," is bound up with the diary. From this it appears that Johnson consumed over seven pounds worth of brandy at various taverns with Richard in about five months. On the 27th of January, 1700, Richard visits the Duke of Norfolk; but it is rather a falling off to be told that he goes straight from the duke's to eat black puddings at Smith's. In July of the same year he goes to see a witch called Anna Wilkes, a prisoner in the Marshalsea, and the same day he learns in the Tilt Yard that his boon companion Stourton is made deputy governor of Windsor. On the 30th of July the young Duke of Gloucester dies, and one day next week Richard, after drinking punch with Mr. Van Dyk, tries to see the body of the young prince at the lying in state, but fails. His brother Francis is in town about the first fruits and fees of his new fat living, and Richard is his surety for £48 1s. 8d. to the king, and when Francis has got comfortably settled in his new rectory in July, 1701, Richard takes the ship *Providence* for Liverpool to visit him. They take a fortnight to get there; and when he arrives a gentleman comes on board and announces that brother Francis has married his (the gentleman's) sister, whereupon Richard is much surprised, and promptly borrows some money from his new connection. There are great high jinks at Prescott, and Richard is in his element. He dines and carouses with everybody, from his brother's glebe-tenants to the Earl of Derby at Knowsley, gets drunk constantly, breaks his nose, loses his horse and money, quarrels in his cups with a good many of his friends, toasts King James III., and enjoys himself greatly. It is to be noted that his brother's curate generally shaved him during his stay. On the 13th of June, 1702, King William's death is recorded, and soon after the diarist returns to London by road, taking up his quarters at Stokes's, Short's Gardens, again. In the autumn he goes to Danes Court, where John

Fogge is still usually drunk; and in October of that year a most important thing happens to Richard Bere. On the 23rd of that month he visits the aged Lady Monins at Waldershare, the next mansion to Danes Court. His sister, Mrs. Fogge, is with him; and staying with Lady Monins is a certain Lucy Boys, presumably a daughter of Captain Boys, the constable of Walmer Castle. After dinner, Richard, who was then forty-nine years of age, whispered soft words of love to this young lady, and the next day he records the fact that he sent her a tender love-letter. The maiden, nothing loath, sends him an answer next day, and a few days afterwards comes herself to visit Mrs. Fogge at Danes Court. Of course, Richard improves the occasion, and, as he says, "makes love again." For the next week a lively interchange of notes takes place between Danes Court and Waldershare; and on the 8th of November Lucy Boys thinks it time to go home to Walmer Castle. It is not quite in the direct road, but she called to say good-bye to Mrs. Fogge at Danes Court, and, of course, Mr. Richard Bere thought well to go in the coach with her to Walmer. "We pledged," he says, "to marry each other, and solemnly promised to marry no one else." On the 16th of December he again goes to Waldershare, and they again renew their pledge, and Lady Monins promised all her influence with her grandson-in-law, the great Earl Poulet, to forward Richard's fortunes. Early in January, 1703, Richard speeds to London with a letter from Lucy Boys to Lord Poulet in his pocket. The peer welcomes him warmly, promises him great things at the Treasury and elsewhere, and loving letters still speed backward and forward between London and Walmer. Richard is constant at Lord Poulet's levees, and at last, on the 25th of March, 1703, Richard is introduced to the all-powerful Lord Godolphin, who promises him a good office, upon the strength of which he "borrows another £5 of Gawler." But Richard complains of lameness on the very day that he saw Godolphin, and the next entry in the diary is carefully traced with a trembling hand at the bottom of the page nearly three months afterwards. Richard had fallen ill of gout, fever, and rheumatism, and had not left the room for ten weeks, "attended by Mr. Sheppery of Drury Lane, my surgeon Mr. Williams, and my housekeeper Mrs. Cockman." In July he was well enough to go to Danes Court, and on the 11th of August visited Waldershare with his sister. There, walk-

ing in the grotto, he again pledged his troth to Lucy Boys. On the 2nd of September Lucy Boys came to dine at Danes Court, and the vows were repeated. On this occasion Miss Boys showed her sincerity by handing to Richard "95 guineas, one pistole, and six shillings in silver," presumably for investment or expenditure on fitting up a home. Soon afterwards Lord Poulet came and took his wife's grandmother away on a visit to Hinton, where she died in six weeks. Richard Bere returns to London a happy man, but in a few weeks his lady love herself comes on a visit to Lord Poulet, and then, on the 20th of November, a great change comes over the tone of the entries. "The strumpet Boys came to London. I saw her at Lord Poulet's, and gave her five guineas, besides five guineas I gave her on the 26th to go to the Exchange, five guineas more I paid on her account at Mr. Stow's, and another ten pounds on account of the slut." Another entry on the 30th is still more disheartening. "I went to see the slut Boys at Lord Poulet's, and the baggage denied ever having promised to marry me at all, and now she has gone and married a stuttering parson called Woodward." Then Lord Poulet said he had never promised to do anything for him, and "treated me vilely," and the whole romance was ended.

At this time there are two entries in English as follows: "November 27, 1703. From 12 a clock in ye morning till 7 was ye most violent storm of wind yt ever was known in England, and ye damage done at land and sea not to be estimated."

"On ye 15th, 16th, and 17th of January, 1703-4, was a very violent storm, which forced back ye fleet bound to Lisbon wth ye Archduke Charles, under Rooke, separating them, and did a great deale of damage."

In March, 1704, Richard is evidently making great preparations for another sea voyage. He often visits Bear Quay, and is much in the city. Trunks and new clothes seem to be bought now without much difficulty, and Benson's services are not apparently so needful for raising the wind. Richard's friend, old Mrs. Feltham, who keeps a shop in the Exchange, invites him to come and see her and drink mum, in order to ask him about making her son purser. Richard seems also to have quite a friendly correspondence with the "stuttering parson Woodward," and one is tempted to believe that Lord Poulet may after all have done something for the jilted lover. Richard's circumstances

must be a good deal changed, for he can afford to leave twenty guineas with T. Bell to keep for him when he departs for Danes Court, after a merry dinner at the Blue Posts in the Haymarket (which he quaintly translates as "los Postes ceruleos en la Feria de feno") with Churchill and others. On the 23rd of March, 1704, he starts for Danes Court, and there the usual life of visiting and feasting is recommenced. On the 11th of April, 1704, there is an entry to the effect that he went to visit Lady Barret, and wrote to Mr. Woodward, and then the curtain drops and all is darkness, which swallows up Richard Bere and all his friends forever. Where he went and what became of him I have been unable to discover, and the transient gleam thrown across his trivial history by his own folly, in writing down his most secret actions in a language known to many, will in all probability be the only light ever thrown upon his life. John Fogge died soon after, but his widow, Richard Bere's sister, lived at Danes Court in straitened circumstances for many years after. Warren, the antiquary, writing in 1711 (Fausett MS. Kent Archaeological Society), deplores that the once fine estate was reduced even then to about fifty pounds a year only, and says that it was uncertain whether any male heir was living — thus soon had scapegrace nephew Dick drifted away from his friends. Warren says that he had been last heard of at Lisbon some years before, but on his mother's death he turned up a common sailor, sold Danes Court to the Harveys in 1724, married a certain Elizabeth Rickasie, a sister of St. Bartholomew's Hospital at Sandwich, and died on board the fleet at Gibraltar in 1740, leaving, says Hasted, an only daughter, married to a poor shepherd named Cock, and living in a lowly hovel near the manor-house of which her ancestors had for centuries been masters.

MARTIN A. S. HUME.

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From The National Review.  
A SOMERSETSHIRE VALLEY.

VISITORS to West Somerset rarely find themselves by the banks of the river Parrett (the Pedred, it was anciently called). It has little or no reputation with the sportsman; it is out of the way of tourists; and its glories, such as they are, seem indeed to belong to a remote and almost indefinable past rather than to the

present. In its lower reaches the river, although etymology has claimed for it the derivation of y-Perydon, or "the divine waters," cannot by any stretch of imagination be said to be picturesque. The epithet "divine" would appear to have been bestowed upon it in the Homeric sense, or, perhaps, in commemoration of the story that Joseph of Arimathea crossed its waters on the way to Glastonbury, close by, thus making them sacrosanct forever. The ruins of this famous abbey are not far off; but on the banks itself of the river there are no dismantled castles, chantries, or ancient English homes well known to history,—only the somewhat barren incidents of flat riparian scenery, scattered homesteads, cottages, barns, and long, green pastures, between which the yellow stream turns and twists in lazy folds like a huge serpent through the herbage. When the great body of sea-water fills the banks and neighboring dikes silence broods over its flood, which knows not in its solemn strength how to laugh or ripple on pebbly beach or rock, as if replete with a full life that throbs through the land with giant strength, leaving childish pranks far behind it. Like the river Duddon, celebrated by Wordsworth, no longer the nursing of the skies, it rushes "in radiant progress towards the deep,"

Where mightiest rivers into powerless sleep Sink, and forget their nature.

Now and then, like brown, ghost-like shadows in the twilight, the sails of a coal lugger glide mysteriously against the sky line on its broad bosom, driven up stream, sometimes to the wonder of the spectator, who may forget or perhaps not see the advent of the bore.

For the Parrett is a tidal river, and, if we think of it, tidal rivers must generally be ugly, their very usefulness consisting in showing plain open reaches unimpeded by brushwood, and a good waterway accessible on either side. Not cataract, not rock, no sound of rushing waters, is needed for commerce; only sleepy, useful, and it may be sullen, gleams of water, along which men can travel easily backwards and forwards to their markets from the sea without peril, or wreckage, or discomfort. All this, indeed, the Parrett has given, and much more, in old times. Before the days of piers, dry docks, artificial basins, and harbors with all the triumphs of marine engineering, here was a place where, owing to the extraordinary rise and fall of the waters, ships could be careened with ease, and their bottoms overhauled

from stem to stern. Liverpool, indeed, was a solitude when the banks of the Parrett were thronged with sailors going backwards and forwards over the face of the earth, not indeed in floating palaces, as now, but in those ships of small burthen which, handled well and deftly, served the purposes of our Icelandic fishermen, and carried them on their farthest voyages of discovery. Sailors in those days knew well how to hand reef and steer, better perhaps than they do now.

In the sixteenth century, we are told, the woollen trade was in full swing along the valley of the Parrett. "Bridgwaters," "Tauntons," and "Dunsters," were as well-known fabrics then as Manchester cottons and Nottingham laces now. In 1389 Parliament enacted that "the broadcloth much made in Somerset shall not be sold tied up and rolled, but shall be displayed to the purchasers," in order to prevent fraud. Bridgwater was bracketed with Taunton and Dunster in the table of "Rates outwards," twelfth year of King Charles II., in respect to "woollen cloths accompted for short cloths." In the villages branch manufactures were carried on; and on panels and oak bench ends in the churches the industries of the age were often depicted, and are still to be seen. Pity indeed that now all local arts and handicraft are crushed out of life by the great manufacturing centres! At the beginning of this century silk-throwing was carried on largely in the valley of the Parrett, and who will deny that the wood-carvers' art has been injured by the inevitable centralization of the age?

The Wye and the Severn farther up the Channel have somewhat by their greater celebrity relegated the Parrett to obscurity, for the Parrett is scarcely celebrated in prose, still less in poetry. "*Vate caret sacro*" is the motto of the tawny Parrett. Even its salmon, which undoubtedly are amongst the best in the world, are seldom spoken of outside the immediate neighborhood, and perhaps it is best known as the river with a "bore" which attains phenomenal strength and force along its banks, especially at the time of the equinox when the gales blow strong from the north-west, and pile the water up in Bridgwater Bay. Still, in spite of its ugliness, lack of æsthetic charms, and neglect by artists and historians, this river valley has seen the makings of much of England's history. It is more richly endowed with memories, as it rolls heavily seaward, than many a more picturesque and sounding river. The purity of its original foun-



tains, far up in the Dorsetshire hills, clear as the Bandusian spring, is lost many miles before it reaches the Channel, and the bosom is stained and freckled with the froth and yeast of a sea-water that has long since degenerated from the blue of ocean. Still the very presence of this outer flood, and the breath of the Channel it brings with it, are the guarantees of history. Its mouth, nearly a mile wide, seems to thunder forth, in the daily conflict of the Channel waters, echoes of some greater fame and rumors of more spacious times.

At the entrance of the river there is never-ending war. Stand by the sides when the floodgates of the sea, let loose from the distant Atlantic, pulsate up the narrow Bristol Channel, and with accumulated power rush swiftly over the barren sands and mud, crowding into the narrow corner of Bridgwater Bay. It is a veritable Campus Martius of contending foes, a Niagara of conflicting sounds. The small island opposite its mouth, made of drift and sediment through countless centuries, grows smaller and smaller as the tide advances up its beach; the narrow passage between it and the mainland, across which, at neap tide, you might easily ford, waxes deeper and deeper; and innumerable eddies turn and twist with inconceivable force round the yellow banks. It is not at the broad mouth of the Parrett that the bore is seen first of all. Naturally the tidal wave collects and concentrates its water higher up, where the banks begin to narrow, and then with a steady, irresistible flow the water rushes up, at the rate of six or eight miles an hour, presenting the spectacle of a level column about three feet in height. Sometimes, although very rarely, two bores occur, one succeeding another, greatly to the surprise of the fishermen and sailors. Once when the tide was running down after the full, two ships got jammed by carelessness, across the stream; and it appeared as if, sinking one upon the other, a wreck of a somewhat curious nature was imminent. A second bore appeared and floated them asunder; which was regarded as a most curious and providential interposition of the river god. But such interpositions in the favor of ships in peril cannot be counted upon, and, as a rule, there is one bore only, each tide appearing with great regularity at about two hours before the time for high tide; for the bore does not begin to form till the tidal wave has had time to rush in and cover the acres of sand and mud extending far out opposite Burnham, and

then, reaching a certain level, to make its irresistible advance up the Parrett.

This phenomenon of the bore was unknown (so the story runs) to the early Danish invaders; and in King Alfred's time the forces were divided by the sudden subsidence of the river, and those on the eastern bank could not use their ships, which were stranded, or wade and swim across themselves in the liquid mud. This gave the Saxons an opportunity of inflicting a defeat upon the isolated body on the west side, and, after the victory, of making good their retreat to the neighboring fastnesses of the Quantocks, probably the tall ridge of Douseborough or Danesbarrow, separated then by a tract of primeval forest and swamp. Close by Combwich a circular mound is pointed out where (it is said) Ubba, a Danish leader, was buried; and it has been conjectured that the farm, called now Upper Cock Farm, in which this mound is situated, is really a corruption of Ubba-coc, the mound of Ubba. But the mouth of the Parrett is replete with ancient memories of battles fought here between Saxon and Dane. The river itself was the boundary of ancient Damnonia, and, being a border stream, was naturally the scene of many a fierce conflict in those so-called good old days when might was right, and the prizes of victory went to the strongest. Notably the Parrett was famed for the gallant stand made against the inroads of the Danes, and we read in "Leland's Collectanea:" "Eanulph, with the men of Somerset and Bishop Aelthstan, of Sherborne, and Duke Osric, with the men of Dorset, fighting with the Danish army and making no little slaughter of them, obtained the palm of victory at the mouth of the river Pedridan."

Right opposite the mouth of the Parrett are the two very notable and conspicuous islands of Flat Holmes and Steep Holmes, the word *Holm* giving a clue to the Scandinavian occupation, forming a rare vantage ground for the hordes of pirates, who could choose their own time to strike a blow where and how they could along either shore of the Bristol Channel, whether in fertile Damnonia or in rocky Wales. It is said that Gildas Badonicus, the ancient British historian, once sojourned on this lonely island. He was a monk of the monastery of Bangor; and in his day the British Church was at its lowest, and poor Christians were driven to hide themselves in out-of-the-way corners of the land. Gildas, being persecuted by Picts, Scots, and Saxons, sought a quiet

place here for his "De Excidio Britanniae" amidst the roar of tempests and the clang of the myriad sea-fowl; which shows to what straits research and literature were put in those early days when might was right. Not even here, however, was the poor scholar left to meditate in peace over his somewhat gloomy treatise. Some roving pirates looked upon these Channel islands with different eyes, regarding them as a convenient theatre for outrage. Finding poor Gildas in possession, they deprived him of the little peculium he had, and, after listening to his philosophy with contempt bade him betake himself off, parchment and all. Thence he went, we are informed in Collinson's "History of Somersetshire," to the monastery of Glastonbury, where he died about 570. The island, being accessible only at two places, was an ideal pirates' perch. Now it bristles with cannon and all the paraphernalia of modern warfare, on guard as a sentinel island, watchful against any rash invader of England's shores. It is a rough, cradled watch-dog, and stands in the very eye of Atlantic gales. Whosoever goes to Burnham or to Weston knows its outline well, bare and bleak against the western skies, lying couchant in mid-channel. Looking oftentimes from the neighboring Quantock heights, S. T. Coleridge brooded over

The Channel there, the Islands, and White  
Sails,  
Dim coasts and cloudlike Hills and shoreless  
Ocean;

and, once in a mood of despondency, when on the shores of Shurian Bars, he looks upon in the twilight —

The Watch Fire  
Dark reddening from the Channelled Isle;

and the genial soul conjures up gloomy pictures of lightnings, storms, and shipwrecks, as the vessel reels against the island rocks. It is only a bit of atrabilious humor. Coleridge becomes himself again, and "faucy more gaily sings."

There is one expression of the poet which is artistically very true. He speaks of the "dim coasts and cloudlike hills." Here in this part of the Channel the atmosphere is peculiarly tender and delicate, and the distant hills oftentimes seem, down in the west, to hang sometimes in cloudland, like clouds themselves, appalled in most gorgeous lights. Turner, the great painter, is said to have gained many of his remarkable effects from Burnham, looking westward across the mouth of the Parrett towards the open sea. Artists, also, who have spent the summer at

the Quantocks, have noticed the play of cloudland as a distinctive part of the general scenery of the place. The very conformation of the shores on either side of the Channel would, perhaps, account for the constant variation of the clouds. There are highlands on both sides, both in Wales and in Somerset, and over the intervening space of water, narrowing continually from Lundy Island to the Severn, the forms and shapes of Atlantic mists are shifting in constant and kaleidoscopic motion. They need a Turner to paint, and a Ruskin to describe.

At the mouth of the Parrett, in rough weather, there is an absolute commingling of all the elements at times, and the effect is a blurred, confused, though wholly complete image, such as Turner calls up. Look yonder, as the tide begins to turn, destined in a few hours to rise full forty feet. First, through the mist, over the muddy expanses, mere shadowy fields of drifting foam, white against the dark horizon, rise into being. Long, creamy spaces glance momentarily into view as a bigger wave than usual has covered the broad spaces of mud and sand, leaving behind it a tumultuous vision of brown and speckled water heaving with ponderous wrath. The inevitableness of the advancing flood rushes upon the senses, and you think of those poor martyrs who, in former days, were bound to posts on such a desolate scene, doomed to wait till the lapping and curdling waves beat the life out of them. You seem to see the ocean grow visibly before your eyes. The froth becomes a wavelet, the wavelet a wave, the wave a billow, dark and thunderous; then many billows melt into a confused torrent of waters, whirled in dark chaos and broken in shapeless masses upon the cliff.

In May, when the plover nests, the scene is different. The sea breeze sings among the shrouds, and the tide murmurs and sighs like a zephyr among the pines, or as a host of busy insects over heather wastes. The echoes of the empty beach are hollow; the sounds travel inland even to the base of the cliffs; and, far out, when the tide turns, a broad, even line of water moves gently forward, wrapping space after space in smooth and quiet shallows. The sea-birds are loath to quit their feeding-grounds in the face of such silent and subtle waters; but when they do so at last, in tumultuous uprising, their shrill notes sound far inland to the hay-fields past the cliff. The shrimper, who has been plying his sweeping net, returns with full crate; the fisherman comes from his

poles at low water mounted on his strange mud horse, or mud sleigh; and the great conger lying hid in the noontide heat in some congenial hole, leaps forth to roam again.

But let us wander farther up the Parrett. His curves will take us to Bridgwater, not far from the classic field of Sedgmoor, whence, indeed, he draws the tributary waters. On the west side the spire of Bridgwater is a conspicuous feature in the landscape. It recalls the aphorism of Wordsworth that spires suit a level, campaign country, and square towers a nestling valley. It recalls also memories of Monmouth, and of a well-known rising. For from the parapets of the Tower, it is said, Monmouth looked eastward upon the neighboring field of Sedgmoor. The church itself well repays a visit, for at the east end hangs a well-known picture, said to have been taken from a French or Spanish privateer during the last war with France. It is said by some to be the work of Guido, and £10,000 was once offered for it by the trustees of the National Gallery. In this church, also, Blake, the great Commonwealth admiral, was christened. Strange to say, there is no memorial erected in Bridgwater to the hero who said, for all gallant British sailors in those days of trouble, that "state affairs were not their province; their duty was to keep foreigners from fooling us." Right well Blake kept them from fooling us! The battle-field is within an easy walk of Bridgwater; and Macaulay, Walter Besant, Blackmore, and other writers have made us familiar with the place and scenery. It is a strange, flat country, and the abode still of many rustics whose forefathers have lived in the same parish for generations,—rather a rare thing in these days of migration from country to town, and illustrative of the conservative tendency remarked upon by Macaulay as useful for handing down oral traditions from father to son. The country folk still adhere to the "Zummerzet" dialect, and to "Zummerzet zyder," of which the king's troopers drank so heavily before Sedgmoor, but without fuddling their brains or unnerving their arms, as poor Monmouth's followers fondly imagined when they planned their unsuccessful surprise. From the top of Chedzoy church tower the incidents of the fight are easily recalled, although the dikes, or rhines (as they are locally styled), have been somewhat changed since the battle. To the east is Stawell Hill, standing by itself, along which, it is said, Monmouth, when the game was up, effected

his escape. Cock Hill, lying between the valleys of the Brue and of the Parrett, is considered by some the best vantage ground from which to take in the situation. It is an historical place, and the village of Edington is supposed by some to have been the site of the battle of Aethandune, when King Alfred, waging war against the whole pagan army, gained the victory with divine assistance. If this is the case, the site of Bratton Hill, in Wiltshire, would have to be abandoned.

On the face of the country there are monuments of the battle of Sedgmoor. Looking from Chedzoy church eastward, you may see, if you are far-sighted enough, a little mound fenced in with care. It is the grave of many of those poor rustics who, with rude weapons, fought like heroes against the king's troops. On the outside walls of the church itself you notice the well-worn places in the blocks of sand-stone where they sharpened their scythes and pikes. From time to time the ground yields up ghastly tokens of this last fight on English soil. On a glebe field, not long ago, when laborers were double-trenching, they found bodies not three feet beneath the surface. Not far off is an oak-tree on which the captured rebels were hanged without ceremony.

The landscape on a May morning is very fair. Between Chedzoy and the distant Tor of Glastonbury stretches many an acre of green and fertile marshland, redeemed step by step from the inroads of the tide. Yet it was wild enough even within recent times. Old men will "mind" how the booming bittern was common in their marshes, and how wild duck, teal, geese, and snipe haunted the pools in scores, and could be shot almost "in sack fulls" (to use their expression). Up to the present day the salpe breeds there occasionally, and many a "walk" of these birds can still be flushed on a winter's day. The whole extent of the moors, especially on the east side of the Polden Hills, is a floating, peaty mass, shaking and trembling as the heavy wains make their way along, and especially agitated when the trains along the branch line from Templecombe to Bridgwater rumble onwards. The engineer of this line found it difficult, here and there, to find a firm and solid foundation for the bridges. At evening the vapors arise and cover the surface with floating white mists, weird and fantastic to look upon, and unhealthy to breathe. Ague prevails here, and the partial drainage of the country seems to have made it more unhealthy than when

it was one wide, unreclaimed waste, with a greater part of its surface covered with water. It is the process of drying-up which causes a marsh locality to be especially unhealthy. Here often some remnant of a primeval forest in the shape of sodden oak is exhumed as the layers of peat are removed, and the dark foundations of the moor appear. Strange wild-flowers grow in the open fields; and along the dikes, close to the thick reeds, the blossom of the hottonia, or water-violet, appear. This is the fumitory, "a name which superstition holds to fame," the smoke caused by which is said to exorcise evil spirits. On Glastonbury and Burtle Moors are found the *osmunda regalis* fern, the hoary and soft sedge, the corn brome grass, the hare's tail rush, the gale or Dutch myrtle, the marsh fern, the marsh saxifrage, cranberry, and water milfoil, with many others. Down by the coast the sea darnel-grass, the sea rush-grass, the yellow poppy, the sea barley grass, the sea chickweed, the spurrey, and wormwood grow, and on the rocks themselves the sea liverwort can be found.

The names of the places themselves, such as Weston Zoyland, Chedzoy, and Middlexoy, testify to the presence of the sea, and point out the little vantage points where, on eminences a little higher than the surrounding country, the rude folk of this watery wilderness could live. For was not Glastonbury itself an island? In Tennyson's "Holy Grail" the character of the spot is preserved.

From our old books I know  
That Joseph came of old to Glastonbury,  
And here the heathen prince, Arviragus,  
Gave him an Isle of Marsh whereon to build,  
And there he built with wattles from the marsh  
A little lonely church in days of yore.

How entirely Glastonbury was surrounded by water we may gather from the fact that the abbots of Glastonbury, setting out from Glaston's Isle, used to sail by boat on an annual excursion from the abbey down the river Brue and along the Pill row cut towards Brent, to visit their property. Doubtless this annual procession was an important event in those days, when the riches of Glastonbury were great, and the dwellers in the valley of the Parrett obedient to the rule of the spiritual superiors, who often lorded it with a kindly despotism. In those harrying days such an island refuge, sanctified by use and tradition, was a beatific vision, and men idealized it as they idealized the Islands of the Blest, and gave every beautiful attribute to it they could imagine.

Thus it was up the valley of the Parrett that the ancient Island Valley of Avilion was placed. *Avilion* is a Welsh word derived from *Aval*, meaning an apple; and the district is still famed for its apples.

Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
Nor even wind blows loudly.

A somewhat ideal picture this if the stranger happens to time his visit in winter, when the east or north-west winds sweep over the marshes; but true enough in May, when the apple-trees are resplendent in blossoms, the plover utters its plaintive note, and the echoes of the distant sea are softened into a pleasant lullaby. Elsewhere, in his Arthurian romances, Tennyson recalls more truly the winter scenery —

When the dolorous day  
Grew drearier towards twilight falling, came  
A bitter wind, clear from the north, and blew  
The mists aside,  
and where

The rosy mountains ended in a coast  
Of ever-shifting sand, and far away  
The phantom circle of a moaning sea.

Yonder is Athelney, and this small knoll recalls other memories. Here was an island said by William of Malmesbury to have been only two acres in extent, with a monastery and dwellings for monks built on it. For here in a dream St. Cuthbert appeared to King Alfred and bade him build a monastery to God. Here, doubtless, King Alfred planned his wise schemes, secure in his island refuge, soon to be a scourge upon the hurrying Danes. The safety of England lay then in her wooden walls, and the beginning of England's fleet was made in these gloomy morasses.

In Isle Brewers and Isle Abbots, and in the neighboring forest of Neroche the stately oak, we read, grew well; and at Athelney Bridge, a central point on the moorland wastes, near the junction of the Tone, the tidal Parrett flows up from the sea full thirty miles distant, reaching at high water a breadth of sixty feet, and a depth of eighteen feet, a fair place from which to launch the war galleys or to repair and careen them. On Athelney (or the Island of Nobles), it is not mere fancy to say, the first attempt was made to defend England's shores, just as, doubtless, in times past, the first attempt was made at Glastonbury to plant the first English Church.

No place now is sacred from the profaning hand of the engineer. Across this historic valley an idea has been mooted to dig a ship canal connecting the waters of

the Bristol Channel with those of the English Channel. In 1810 the suggestion was made to cut a canal between Bridgwater and the Combwich reach of the river Parrett, thereby avoiding some of the endless windings which make the distance to Bridgwater by the channel of the river just double what it is in an air line. Later on, as the tonnage was rapidly increasing, a project was set on foot "to take a survey of the river Parrett, and to give a plan, estimate, and report, showing the practicability of establishing a floating dock at or near the town, with a ship canal, having eighteen feet of water thence to such part of the river, near to its mouth, as would afford a convenient means of access from the sea for vessels of a large class, during neap as well as spring tides, with a plan for bringing the extension of the Taunton canal into such floating dock, taking care not to interfere with the public sewers of the town."

This was in 1835; but now nothing less than a canal cut across from sea to sea will satisfy the magnificent ideas of modern engineers. Such an artificial waterway would make ancient Damnonia an island. From many points of view it would be useful. It would save ships bound to and ships bound from Cardiff and the Bristol Channel the long and perilous voyage round Land's End; it would increase the prosperity of the western counties; and from a strategic point of view it would be invaluable in case of a war with France. Some maintain that it would aid greatly in draining the marsh country, and help a problem which has puzzled commissioners and experts for generations. A change would come over these quiet moorland solitudes, and the rustics would gaze in awe at the argosies of the East passing backwards and forwards near King Alfred's ancient haunts and the fastnesses of his followers. Yet, as an engineering feat, the canal would be, nowadays, no great or surprising wonder.

Chedzoy church, from the tower of which such a wide view can be gained over the valley of the Parrett, is a very interesting old moorland church. It is built of Ham Hill stone, and outside, on the north side of the chancel, can boast of beautiful work. Inside the oak bench ends are very good and conspicuous, even for Somersetshire, where the churches are often rich in oak carving. The chief curiosity of the church furniture consists in the well-known altar cloths, discovered quite recently, and the only bit of pre-Reformation work of this kind known to exist. The Wantage Sisters have repaired

and restored these with great skill and care, and when exhibited anywhere, the precious specimens of ancient art are insured for £2,000. Of course, being unique, they are in their way priceless. The stranger is surprised to find in this lonely moorland church so much to interest him, both of old and new. Yet the manners of the moorland folk were, until quite recently, rough and uncouth. Not much more than a generation ago, cider was drunk inside the church on the occasion of a wedding, fives were played on Sundays against the church tower, and the space under the belfry was converted occasionally into a ring where the pugilists of the village could perform. Needless to say that all these customs have long since disappeared, and survive in almost incredible tradition.

The rustic of the valley of the Parrett, however, has many peculiar beliefs and customs of his own, and in the moors superstition has died hard. To be "overlooked" is to have a neighbor's evil eye upon you, and it is not thought extraordinary even now to consult the wise man (or wizard). The seventh son of the seventh son is supposed to have the power of healing you of the king's evil by his touch.

To a stranger the provincialism as well as the dialect of this part of the world is somewhat puzzling. A cart will be called a "plough;" a three-wheeled putt is a three-wheeled conveyance; a rick yard is a mowbarton; a loft a talat; a wether sheep a hog; oxen beasts; or, as it is sometimes pronounced, beastesses; turf is called the spine; "d" is constantly used for "th," as droo for through, drie, as above, for three; drash for thrash; drush (drusel) for thrush. Tapping a shoe is putting on a new sole; spitting the gearden is digging the garden. In the Somerset pronunciation of gearden the derivation of the word from *yard* seems to appear; mines is pronounced as moines, which is exactly the word used by the old chronicler who wrote the account of Frobenius's voyage to the north in search of gold. The letter "r" is treated very curiously, and is often transposed by a metathesis wholly unintelligible to the outsider. For example, Bridgwater becomes Burgwāter; red becomes hurd; Richard, Hurchard; great, gurt. The word maid is almost invariably used instead of girl; one of their most common adjectives is terrible, or tarble, to qualify anything or everything from a big thunderstorm to a big pig. A "gurt mommut" is a stupid fellow. There are still some living who, on Twelfth Night, sit in the church porch to



see how many of their neighbors who defile in are spared to come out again. Those who remain behind will die the ensuing year. Instead of asking whether service has begun in church, the rustic folk will say, "Has prayer gone in yet?" Not far from the Parrett are three or four places where grafts of the Holy Thorn from Glastonbury are supposed to grow, and the people go to see them blossom on old Christmas day. There is a tradition amongst many old people that it is better to celebrate old Christmas day than the new one. Until recently there was quite a mass of local traditions, songs, and literature; but the national schools are doing their levelling work.

Although the West Somerset folk are often hearty enough in their way, a tone of pessimism is prevalent among them when they speak of one another. When a good man has departed this life they rarely speak of him in ecstatic language, or apply such adjectives as "splendid" or "capital" to his virtues; the utmost they say is, "Woll, you never heard nairer zoul speak bad o un." Two negatives are often used where one would do.

On the marshes close to the mouth of the Parrett a very curious land tenure, peculiar to this neighborhood, is found. The moors or marshes are valued highly as affording most nutritious food for stock, and from miles round sheep and oxen are sent there for change of herbage, the salt and sea breezes having a most wonderful effect upon them. On the east side of the river the tract known as Pawlett Hams used to let at £7 or £8 an acre yearly in the good days. On the west side the moors known as Wick Moor, North Ham, and Sharp Ham, comprising about two hundred and twenty-five acres, are owned by twenty to thirty proprietors. But their proprietorship is exercised in a very peculiar way. It is a kind of communal tenure of a very unique and puzzling character. The ownership of a rap or dole in one moor will give stockage rights in the adjoining moor. For example, a Sharp Ham right will carry with it a stockage right in Wick Moor. Further, there is a distinction between the "Foresheer" and the stockage right. A proprietor may have the exclusive right to cut a sheer of grass on one lot, and yet not have the stockage to himself afterwards. The time when "stockage" begins varies in the different moors, and here and there no mowing or foresheer is allowed. Further, the ownerships of a "rap" in one place and of a "dole" in another do not involve the right to pasture stock of the same

number or description in every case. By mutual agreement the time and condition of opening the moor may be altered. There is no boundary fence between the raps and doles; they lie between the rhines or ditches in open country.

The question seems to be: How did the ownership of a Sharp Ham right, for example, give the owner the communal privileges over adjoining moors? Perhaps it may have arisen from the fulfilment of a common duty; and this would be either draining the moor by the rhines, or helping to dam back the inroads of the tides. For ages the problem of diking and draining was before the dwellers in the valley of the Parrett; the pastures of their flocks, their houses, and their very existence depended upon its being done successfully. The tide has long since encroached upon the land, and right opposite the mouth of the Parrett there is said to be a submerged forest and lands, for which tithe rent-charge used to figure for the benefit of the neighboring clergyman, with power to distrain upon Father Neptune if he thought fit. In these raps and doles the Church was not forgotten. The rector of a parish distant nearly thirty miles, and he of another distant eight miles, have a Sharp Ham right, and a privilege to stockage if they choose. These rights show in their way the history of church endowments, and their haphazard and sporadic character. There are also in existence in these curious moors certain rights called Hopping Rights. This is when the ownership and rights of stockage passes from one rap to another, so that the owner seems to "swop" (exchange) with a neighbor from one year to another. These hopping rights can only exist, of course, when there is a ditch or rhine between the raps. Here, therefore, along this portion of the valley of the Parrett there is a tract of land where, in the ordinary sense, there is no freehold, no leasehold, no copyhold. Nor is there a common; nor are there common rights, as usually understood; nor is there any lord of the manor. Were some valuable cargoes to be jettisoned outside, and the flotsam and jetsam cast up upon the foreshore of these reclaimed moors, it would be difficult to say to whom, after the crown, a share of the property would go. The mineral wealth of coal, so plentiful in Cardiff just opposite, does not, owing to a "fault," extend to the Sharp Ham rights; otherwise, another knotty question of property would arise.

Within a summer day, or even within two or three days, it is impossible to wan-

der very far up the valley of the Parrett and trace its head waters, which rise in North Parrett, within sight of the English Channel. But its most interesting reaches are the lower ones, where the tide ebbs and flows. Far back in the magic pages of history are the heroic figures of the good King Arthur and of Alfred, with all the glamour of chivalric deeds. The mists that curl round the osiers and rhines, and slowly ascend the feet of the Polden hills, seem, to the imaginative mind, like a white shroud that folds upon ancient men and days, and gives stately proportions to the figures that then moved upon the earth.

The knights are dead, and their swords are rust,  
Their souls are with the saints — I trust.

But floating down the stream of time come other men, more in touch with us, and more apparent in their influences as builders up of our national history. In 1492 a new world had sprung into light across the seas far to the westward down the Channel, and the breasts of the sailors of the West were moved. There were rumors of the discovery of Newfoundland, and all the visions of Transatlantic riches. Long had the Bristol pilots guided their ships to the fisheries of Iceland; and now, beyond the boundaries of that former Ultima Thule, placed in the North Atlantic, in the wake of Lief the Lucky, the bold Scandinavian explorer, the desire arose to solve that one great geographical problem of the age — the North-West Passage. Sebastian Cabot, at the end of the fifteenth century, lived in Bristol, and enlisted the aid and sympathy of the sailors of the Bristol Channel, both up the Severn and up the Parrett. "The sailors of Bridgwater were renowned for their love of enterprise," we are told, and joined in that expedition under one of the Cabots, which gave us Newfoundland, our earliest Transatlantic colony. The eastern peninsula of Newfoundland was called "The Peninsula of Avalon." Might not this name be a trace of the Western mariners, and a memorial of a west-country valley.

Then in pious old Martin Frobisher's days there is another expedition to find the "Straits of Anian" and the kingdom of the great khân, and the passage by way of the north to the eastern seas. Here again the sailors of the Parrett are to the fore. There is the Ema of Bridgwater, and the Emanuel of Bridgwater, vessels found in Frobisher's third expedition. It may be mentioned that at Meta Incognita, at the entrance of Hudson's Straits, Frobisher and his fleet turned aside to what

they thought were glittering gold mines in the Arctic seas, and so for many weeks they ballasted their ships with the fallacious heaps shining only with mica, imagining that the true Eldorado was not in Mexico or in Peru, which they left to the Spaniards, but under the Pole. The Bridgwater captains, one of whom, by the way, was almost wrecked in the ice-floes of the north, were, as might be guessed, bitterly disappointed when, in company with the ships of Fowey and Barnstaple, they returned empty-handed. Sad at heart they must have drifted back again up the Parrett, to be awakened, however, shortly (1588) by the great Armada stir, and win gold ducats and fame from the Spaniards. Does not Bridgwater boast of an Armada chest, taken, doubtless, full of gold, and treasured now for all men to see in the Custom House by the banks of the Parrett?

Generation upon generation of adventurers have floated over Parrett's flood, borne up and down, like the flotsam and jetsam of the tide in their brief span of life. The Briton, in his rude skin coracle, glided between the tall osier beds, snaring the wildfowl, and fled, it may be, along the narrow lanes of water to some island refuge from a foreign foe; the strong, fair-haired viking from the north, in his long boat, flashing the proud crest of the Raven from his bows, was a rover southward to the farthest Gades; the sailors of great King Alfred, on their warlike galleys from Athelney, swept along by the measured stroke of sixty stout oarsmen, a patriot crew, were charged by the king to sally forth and ask and give no quarter in the fight. Then, later still, at the new birth of the Western world, in brave Plantagenet times, when religion had stirred men's hearts to the very core, haply a crusader passed onward with face sternly set towards the Holy Land, and bound by vow to win the sepulchre from the Moslem foe. After him, in stately Tudor days, there swept down the retreating flood the adventurous bark of some gallant Elizabethan captain, bound northwards to the fishing banks of distant Iceland, or to the glittering Eldorados of hyperborean seas, invading in his turn the homes of the ancient vikings for fish or gold. Or, perhaps, half in fear of Moorish outrage, and of Algerine pirates, there stole down the stream a Western merchant's sole venture, a tall carrack, made to fight or trade, bound on the southern tack, where the Portuguese showed the way, past Cape Bojador and Cape Verde, to the Gulf of Guinea, for oil and ivory.

Here, too, the great Blake, watching in his boyhood the tide ebb and flow daily past his feet, nurtured his bold spirit, and hardened his iron nerve, destined in time, by both sea and land, to carve a deathless name, carrying to haughty Moor at Tunis and at Tangier, and to boasting Spaniard at Santa Cruz, an example of bull-dog courage and fearlessness, and an intimation of England's destiny. Here, too, not far from Parrett's banks, as an undertone of grief in the midst of sounding pæans, were heard the baleful sounds of civil war and here, on Sedgemoor's fatal field, was the site of the last battle fought on English soil, when brother slew brother at the bidding of rival kings. Then we come within the times of spoken tradition. Old men tell of what they have heard from others, and we emerge into the "light of common day." WILLIAM GRESWELL.

From Murray's Magazine.

## THACKERAY'S PORTRAITS OF HIMSELF.

"He was a cynic. You might read it writ  
In that broad brow, crowned with its silver hair,  
In those blue eyes, with childlike candor lit,  
In that sweet smile his lips were wont to wear."  
TOM TAYLOR.

NEARLY thirty years ago the *Times* rendered itself remarkable by being the only daily paper to refrain from making special critical allusion to the genius of a man just dead, who was the greatest artist in his own line the world has ever seen, and probably ever will see. Yes, Thackeray lay silent forever in his house on Palace Green, and Printing House Square afforded him an obituary notice which, by its length, would hardly have gratified the relatives of a defunct city alderman. "God," said Charlotte Brontë, "made him second to no man," and the world knows how just was her estimate.

To those of us who hold his memory green, and I own myself in this respect second to none, perhaps no purely selfish disappointment was ever keener than that with which we learnt that no exhaustive biography of this greatest of all novelists would ever be written. The reasons for this are well known, and as honorable to the man himself as to those nearest and dearest who have survived him. But, pungent and heartfelt though our regret must ever be that we, who never knew him or even saw him in the flesh, cannot live, weep, laugh, sympathize, and fight his battles o'er again in an authentic biography, and so gain grace and strength to

struggle on bravely and devotedly as he did, yet we must ever remember what great things we have received from him, and loyally acquiesce in his expressed desire.

Happily there is no limit placed upon our use of that part of him which he chose to give to the world. Whatever the circumstances of his life may have been with which the world is not to be made familiar, whatever the joys, the triumphs, the bitter-nesses, the despairs which he encountered (and he was as human as any of us) which are never destined to be disclosed, yet, maugre these, what a priceless legacy of human sympathy and appreciation he has made us heirs to! Do you suppose it cost him nothing to tell us what he has of himself under the thin guise of his favorite heroes? Do you suppose that he has only given us of his head, and that his heart's blood is not circulating and palpitating beneath those immortal pages which stir us with their hidden meaning? I tell you no one need regret that he knows not the man Thackeray. He is there for the finding in "Vanity Fair," in "Esmond," "Pendennis," "Philip," and perhaps even more in the "Roundabout Papers," if you only take the trouble to look for him. You may know him as well as, nay better than, your most inimical friends or your most friendly enemies, and, in his portrayals, be sure he has never spared himself, though with others he has dealt how gently, how tenderly!

Nor is it only in his writings that we find this laying bare of himself, consciously of his foibles, his weaknesses, his cynicism, unconsciously of his manliness, his reverence, his sympathy. As all who know him are aware, before taking to literature it was his intention to become an artist, and he studied in Paris with that object. Mighty little, however, of the art did he learn there. Indeed I suppose no one ever made half such good pictures with less technical skill than he did. That his books, illustrated by his own hand, are among the most satisfactory wedding of pen and pencil in the language is a remarkable fact of which I have written elsewhere. As Trollope has most appropriately remarked: "How often have I wished that characters of my own creating might be sketched as *faultily*!"

It was characteristic of the man to be able to do with worse tools what a skilled workman with every modern appliance would very probably fail in, because of the strength of inspiration which lay behind. Where the inspiration failed, the result was hopelessly bad. For example,

when he wanted to take the place vacant by poor Seymour's untimely death, as illustrator of "Pickwick," there could be and was no hesitation about his rejection. It requires, most particularly, great technical skill to translate the thoughts of another into picture. And this skill Thackeray certainly did not possess. Like William Blake, though of course *longo intervallo*, his pictures, divorced from their explanatory letter-press, are chaotic and unintelligible. Wedded thereto, they are pretty nearly all that pictorial illustration should be.

I want in this article to point out and illustrate one particular phase of Thackeray's deliberate and unsparing use of himself, as not only a psychological model, to which I have alluded above, but also as a painter's model. It is but a small matter, but one, I am inclined to think, which will be of interest to all admirers of his high-towering genius.

Thackeray's drawings are generally looked upon as essentially the garniture of his more serious work, but it must not be forgotten that the pictorial was a distinct and important phase of his artistic development. One might indeed almost say that he was a picture-maker at the quadrature, a novelist at the full.

As novelist, we know that the covering which he drew over what he felt were his own shortcomings was in effect diaphanous. He never intended to hide himself. He no more expected people to be unaware of his presence than the queen does when she travels as the Countess of Balmoral. All he wanted was that his confidences should be respected. One is reminded of Addison's heroine "whose bosom appeared all of crystal, and so wonderfully transparent, that I saw every thought in her heart."

So it was too in his pictures. He looked in the glass and poked fun at himself and others with the utmost impartiality. His broken nose, his "goggles," his pursed-up mouth, "those blue eyes with childlike candor lit," indeed himself we find cropping up in his drawings in the most unexpected manner, and in all sorts of compromising and ridiculous situations.

He was not over-considerate of his own feelings when, in America, as Trollope tells us, "he met at dinner a literary gentleman of high character, middle-aged, and of most dignified deportment. The gentleman was one whose character and acquirements stood very high — deservedly so — but who, in society, had that air of wrapping his toga round him, which adds,

or is supposed to add, many cubits to a man's height. But he had a broken nose. At dinner he talked much of the tender passion, and did so in a manner which stirred up Thackeray's feeling of the ridiculous. 'What has the world come to,' said Thackeray out loud to the table, 'when two broken-nosed old fogies like you and me sit talking about love to each other?' The gentleman was astounded, and could only sit wrapping his toga in silent dismay for the rest of the evening."

So we see all through, in castigating others he never dreamt of sparing himself. In a collection of his letters, published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., there is an admirably humorous pen-and-ink drawing by him of an imaginary equestrian statue of himself. If any one for a moment doubts that the face of Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh is that of Mr. William Makepeace Thackeray, transferred from a body of six foot four inches to one of at least a foot shorter, they have but to put the above sketch side by side with half the pictures in the Christmas books to be convinced. It only differs from these portraits of M. A. Titmarsh in that the six foot four is, instead of being curtailed, rather accentuated than otherwise.

Or, if additional evidence is wanted, compare with these the portrait of Thackeray in the picture of the Fraserians, published at the beginning of "A Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters," by Daniel Maclise. The likeness of this face to that of Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh is undeniable.

At the commencement of "Mrs. Perkins's Ball" we find an exceedingly clever blending of ball-room exigencies with the requirements of the conventional title-page, and, tucked away in the right-hand corner behind Mr. Beaumaris, "the handsome young man," we find Mr. Michael Angelo Thackeray, as we are inclined to call him, broken nose, spectacles, and all.

Nor must mention be omitted of that young gentleman's armorial bearings which surmount the door — a pair of spectacles crossed on a shield, surmounted by a fool's cap and with two jesters' wands as supporters.

Thackeray did not habitually sign his drawings; but in some few instances this crossed pair of spectacles may be found giving a picture his *imprimatur*. As one example of this, the reader may refer to the frontispiece to "Dr. Birch and his Young Friends," where this symbol will be found on the paper held in the dunce's hand.

On the title-page to "Our Street," the intent observer will again discover Mr. Titmarsh's portrait. Miss Clapperclaw is here represented looking out of her accustomed window and keeping her eye on the doings of her neighbors. She has screwed against that window, at a convenient angle, one of those detective-looking glasses by which an occupant of the room can see without herself being seen. In that mirror behold the reflection of an infinitesimal gentleman walking down the street, so small indeed that three of him, top-hat, spectacles, and all might easily be accommodated on one's little finger-nail.

On page 70\* of the same Christmas book we find him drinking tea in the background, whilst the detestable Clarence Bulbul in the foreground is telling the lovely Miss Pim that she would fetch twenty thousand piastres in the market at Constantinople. On page 76 we find him talking to the charming Miss Short, whilst Charley Bonham, near at hand, is pouring out his fulsome rhapsodies in the ears of Diana White. "Lovely, lovely Diana White; were it not for three or four other engagements, I know a heart that would suit you to a T." On page 78, the incorrigible Michael is flirting in the doorway with Clarissa Newboy, who is in a pink *paletôt* trimmed with swansdown. That is the last we have of him as a gay bachelor in "Our Street."

He next turns up in "Doctor Birch and his Young Friends" as assistant master in the academy at Rodwell Regis, and professor of the English and French languages, flower-painting, and the German flute. On page 87 we find him engaged in teaching "the young idea how to shoot." On page 100 he is discovering Miss Birch *eating jam with a spoon out of Master Wiggins's trunk in the box room*. On page 113 he witnesses Lord Gaunt's eldest son, the noble Plantagenet Gaunt-Gaunt and nephew of the Most Honorable the Marquis of Steyne, flirting with Miss Rosa Birch. "What a pretty match it would make! It is true she has the sense on her side, and poor Plantagenet is an idiot; but there he is, a zany with such expectations and such a pedigree!"

In the Christmas of 1850 again we have our young gentleman making a voyage on the Rhine in company with "the Kickleburys" and other distinguished personages. On page 163 he flirts with pretty

Miss Fanny. On page 175 he is making a wry face over the natural waters of Rougetnoirburg. On page 183 he gives a withering glance of scorn at the inconstant Fanny Kicklebury, who has thrown him over for the heavy dragoon. Whilst on page 193 we find him contemplating that German bed which eventually he was not destined to enjoy alone, but to pass the night in company with anthropophagous wretched reptiles who took their horrid meal off an English Christian.

As early as 1842, before his permanent connection with *Punch*, we find in the "Irish Sketch Book" two or three portraits of himself with uncurtailed body. The first and only noticeable one is a picture of Mr. Titmarsh sitting on a crowded Irish car, with his arm encircling the waist of a demure little Irish lass, and it was not until a hideous row of houses informed them that they were at Killarney that his companion suddenly let go his hand and, by a certain uneasy motion of the waist, gave him notice to withdraw the other too. "And so," he goes on, "we rattled up to the Kenmare Arms; and so ended, not without a sigh on my part, one of the merriest six hours' rides that five yachtsmen—one Cockney, five women and a child, the carman, and a countryman with an alpeen, ever took in their lives." But life is not always rosy, and woman is not always kind, and the next day he gets a severe snubbing from his yesterday's fair and kind companion. *Sic transit.*

In his drawings for *Punch* we are not often favored with his "counterfeit presentment." Indeed in only one of his larger pictures does he make use of himself as a model. The scene is laid in a railway carriage on the Great Western Railway. Thackeray is represented, apparently reading the *Sunday Times*, but in reality listening to a conversation between an old gentleman and a Miss Wiggetts. By Thackeray's side is a co-contributor to *Punch*. Who this is I have not discovered.

The above-mentioned is one of a series of drawings called "Authors' Miseries."

He wrote many papers for *Punch* under the pseudonym of "Our Fat Contributor," but in none of these does he identify himself with the author, or favor us with a representation of his own personal appearance.

In an account of adventures at Brighton it is some one very different from Thackeray who, mounted on one of Jiggot's hacks, goes out riding with young Goldnose and his lovely sister Violet to his

\* The references in this article are to the collected "Christmas Books," in Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.'s Popular Edition.



own very great satisfaction, until he is induced to change horses with Captain de Bosky, and finds the change from the animated Sedan-chair he had hired to the wicked-looking beast, which rejoiced in the name of "Purgatory," anything but a change for the better.

Later on, however, in "Brighton" by "Punch's Commissioner," which place he calls "London *plus* prawns for breakfast and the sea air," we have a portrait of him without his spectacles, with his full six foot four complement of body reclining comfortably in, and absolutely filling an ordinary fly. It is driven by a delicious postilion in a pink striped-chintz jacket, which may have been the cover of an armchair once, and straight, whitey-brown hair and little wash-leather inexpressibles—the cheapest caricature of a post-boy eyes have ever lighted on.

In 1847, the same epidemic was raging that we have been groaning under in this present year of grace, and he contributed an amusing article called "Punch and the Influenza," accompanying it with a series of sketches of the scenes which Mr. P. saw as he called on his suffering contributors.

"The celebrated Br—wn," as he calls himself, "was found thus" (here follows a spirited sketch of himself). "Yes; he was in a warm bath composing those fine sentiments, which the reader will recognize in his noble and heart-stirring articles of this week, and as resigned and hearty as if he had been Seneca. He was very ill, and seemingly on the point of dissolution, but his gaiety never deserted him.

"You see I am trying to get the steam up still!" he exclaimed, with a sickly smile and a look of resignation so touching, that Mr. Punch, unable to bear the sight, had only leisure to lay an order for a very large amount of £ s. d. upon the good-natured martyr's clothes-horse, and to quit the room."

Again, in "Sketches and Travels in London," we find a full-length portrait of him standing bolt upright, and facing the reader alongside of, and illustrating the first monosyllable "I" of the letter to "Bob" called "Out of Town," to say the least, an original method of announcing an author's identity. In the same series we find him in "Mr. Brown takes Mr. Brown the younger to the Club," having a little fun at his own expense. The article opens with a picture of young Horner lying on his back in the library fast asleep, with "Pendennis" resting unread on his stom-

ach. He made use of the same idea in one of the series "Trials of Authors," but in this latter did not make himself the hero of his own fun.

These, then, are a few of the many occasions upon which Thackeray used himself as an artist's model. The admirers of this great man, who has been ranked by no mean authority with Shakespeare and Balzac, will find it interesting to have an idiosyncrasy of this kind, superficial though it is, brought to their notice. Surely none, who have ever been in more than surface touch with the master, can ever fall away from allegiance to him, and it is one of my principal objects in writing this paper to so bring others into contact with his genius that, by getting them first to take an interest in a master which is not essentially inherent, they may be tempted to search further and find those constituent principles which are more worth the seeking.

Rembrandt, Rubens, Velasquez, indeed nearly all the greatest of the world's painters, have given us portraits of themselves, but they have taken good care, one and all, to so arrange the lights and pose as to give us the man of genius with his profoundest intellectual expression. It was, I think, left for Thackeray to portray himself in the most unbecoming lights and under the most undignified conditions.

It was a deep-seated principle with him always to taste the quality of his own whip before he flagellated the shoulders of others. And, if we find this in studying his pictures, how much more do we find him unsparing of himself in his writings! In using himself as a whipping-boy for our sins he probably believed that he was making himself as despicable as a Rousseau. He forgot that, in laying bare his foibles, his weaknesses, the evil promptings of his heart, he could not altogether conceal from view his moral force, his human sympathies, and his hatred of cant and meanness.

Each thought was visible that rolled within  
As through a crystal case the figured hours  
are seen;  
And heaven did this transparent veil provide,  
Because he had no evil thoughts to hide.

Let us not then in these days of hustle and excitement forget altogether the man who preached a life-long sermon from the text *Vanitas Vanitatum*. He has a lesson for us all which we shall do well to learn.

GEORGE SOMES LAYARD

